

1912



# The MORNING WATCH.

EDITED BY  
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.  
GREENOCK.

GREENOCK: JAMES McKELVIE & SONS LTD.  
EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW: JOHN MENZIES & CO. LTD.  
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*Edited by the Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

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Volume 25.



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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.



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January, 1912.

One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXV.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

NO. I.

“What’s In There?”





Now Ready.  
**The Morning Watch Volume  
 for 1911.**

PRICE, ONE SHILLING.

*Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.*

*Vols. XIV., XV., XVI., XVII., XVIII., XIX., XX., XXI., XXII., and XXIII., 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.*

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## 1912.

*He that hath the key of David, He that openeth, and no man shutteth; and shutteth, and no man openeth.—Rev. 3, 7.*

A YOUNG mother told me the other day that her little son, David, eighteen months old, had spoken his first sentence. He had said single words before, but he had now put no less than three together. He had been looking at a key in his father's hand, and suddenly surprised them both by saying, "Key open door."

Was "open" imperative or indicative? Was he giving a command? or was he making a statement so full of marvel that he forgot his grammar? Or could he not frame to pronounce "opens" aright? Or is the hissing sound of "S" as unwelcome to a child's heart as it was at times to the poet Tennyson's ear?

People say that to a child the handle of a door is always an interesting thing. It is the thing that lets him out into another world.

And what else do we come into this world for than to get out into it, and through it, to an infinitely greater and better world beyond? A child can open many a door before it speaks. Its eyes, its cry, its smile, its little arms, its name—all these are keys that make other people open doors for it, but with the gift of speech it begins to have itself the power of the keys; it finds its way into our minds and lets us look into its own. And once it finds its way through the first and second doors, the gates that lead into the great City of God will open almost of their own accord. After speech, please God, will come the key of reading, and the key of writing, and these open the gates that lead into the past and into the future.

But let all mothers remember that the keys they are so proud to see their children carrying mean also that their little ones will go each his own road, whither his mother can only follow in hope and prayer.

Let me tell you about another David, a man whom I met many years ago. David, you know, is the eighth commonest Christian name in Scotland; the ones that come before it are John, James, William, Robert, Alexander, Thomas, George. This man called on me one day when I was writing a sermon. He was somewhat downhearted, for he was out of a situation and had been trying in vain to get another. "There is no opening," he said; "every door seems closed."

"Come here," I said to him,

"and read the sentence I had just finished writing when you rang the door bell." And the sentence was our text! "Thus saith He that hath the key of David, He that openeth, and no man shutteth; and shutteth, and no man openeth."

I hope David's Son and David's

Lord will open many a great door and effectual for all of you this year. Follow Him, whithersoever He goeth. If there is any door He shuts, don't seek to enter it. He has some better place prepared for you, some place where He Himself can go in with you.

### Concerning Birthdays.

*O Lord, revive Thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make it known; in wrath remember mercy.—Habakkuk 3, 2, Revised Version.*

*(Volume 22, for 1909, contains Birthdays 1st—13th; Vol. 23, for 1910, 13th—28th; Vol. 24, for 1911, 28th—47th.)*

This year, if all is well, I hope to go on telling you some things that have been said or done by people on their Birthdays, or said or done by others for them or about them.

47th  
Birth-  
day.

On the last day of his life, in 1842, Dr. Thomas Arnold, the famous Headmaster of Rugby, made this entry in his diary: "Saturday Evening, June 11th.—The day after to-morrow is my birthday, if I am permitted to live to see it—my forty-seventh birthday since my birth. How large a portion of my life on earth is already passed! And then—what is to follow this life? How visibly my outward work seems contracting and softening away into the gentler employments of old age! In one sense, how nearly can I now say, 'Vixi' (that is, I have lived my life). And I thank God that, as far as ambition is concerned, it is, I trust, fully mortified; I have no desire other than to step back from my present place in the world, and not to rise to a higher. Still there are works which, with God's permission, I would do before the night cometh. . . . But above all, let me mind my own personal work—to keep myself pure and zealous and believing, labouring to do God's will, yet not anxious that it should be done by me rather than by others, if God disapproves of my doing it."

He was dead before eight next morning.

A little before the end came—it was heart disease he died of—his wife heard him utter these words, firmly and earnestly: "And Jesus said unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." After a time, he being in great pain, when his wife was looking for a Psalm to read to him, he said quickly, "The fifty-first."

The fifty-first Psalm is one for the great emergencies of life, for



47th  
Birth-  
day.

no man was ever in deeper depths than the man who wrote it. The boy or girl who learns it by heart will have something to stand him in good stead when the evil day comes.

"March 21, 1878. Forty-seven. For the grievous neglect of past time enter Thou not into judgment. Sanctify the future!"—*From the Diary of Miss Dorothy Beale, 1831-1906, Principal of the Cheltenham College for Women.*

"I smiled at this young thing Mary for carrying it so motherly to me, and in the end I had to remind her that I was forty-seven years of age.

'It is quite young for a man,' she said brazenly.

'My father,' said I, 'was not forty-seven when he died, and I remember thinking him an old man.'

'But you don't think so now, do you?' she persisted. 'You feel young again occasionally, don't you? Sometimes when you are playing with David in the gardens your youth comes swinging back, does it not?'"—*The Little White Bird.*

"27th Feb., 1854. My birthday. I am now enrolled in the forty-seventh regiment. I am curious to know what poetic victories, if any, will be won this year. In that direction lie my hopes and wishes, nay, my ardent longings."—*Longfellow's Diary.*

48th

The year after, he wrote: "My forty-eighth birthday. I feel like an old swallow with my nest close up under the roof of the old barn, but hope to sing a little longer."

"Nov. 22, 1846. This my (48th) birthday is again permitted to return, and falls this year on the resurrection day of the week, as if to encourage me onwards to lay hold of the risen life in Christ, and feel that passing out of the earthly I must henceforth be more truly a partaker of the heavenly life. . . . 'What shall I render unto Him for all his benefits?' I can only give my own self—all I have, and all I am. Seal the covenant, Lord by Thy Spirit."—*Maria Hare's Journal.*



*Is not the gleanings of the grapes of Ephraim better than the vintage of Abiezer?*  
—Judges 8, 2.

## CHAPTER I.

THERE is, or used to be, a climbing plant in the West Indies which was known as "The Scotchman hugging the Creole." That means that the plant clung to other plants, grew up supported by them, and all the time was sucking the strength and life out of them. It means also, unhappily, that there had been at least one Scotchman, possibly many Scotchmen, who, coming young and fresh and strong from the homeland, found work in the offices and sugar-plantations of Scotchmen and Englishmen who had been born in the Indies, and finding them less vigorous and capable than themselves, supplanted them inch by inch, and finally, becoming masters where they had once been glad to be taken in as servants, ousted the men who had befriended them in the beginning of their careers.

We have plants that do that in our own gardens, such as the *Convolvulus*. It has beautiful flowers, but woe to the strawberry beds and the currant bushes which it honours with its deadly embrace!

But there are other trailing and climbing plants, like the *Nasturtium* or Indian Cress, which adorn and even glorify the shrubs they lean on. And that was why old Mrs. Deanston got her son and his wife to plant cress seeds at the foot of their Ayrshire roses and their laurel and rhododendron bushes.

What a brave show they made, when autumn came and the time of the roses was past, with their ruddy-brown and straw and flame and orange-coloured flowers! There was no bush but seemed on fire. Some of the sprays looked like ladders, up which there might have been little angels ascending and descending, making sweet music the while with their trumpets of red gold and yellow brass.

## CHAPTER 2.

Mrs. Deanston, junior, was a Londoner, merry, vivacious, frank, sweet mannered and sweet tempered, with a laugh that made one feel even on a cold, wet, gloomy day, as if the time of the singing of birds was come. She was a teetotaler, and that's worth—shall we say £10,000 a year? Above all, she was a godly girl. Mrs. Deanston, therefore, had every reason to be proud of her son's choice, and proud and fond of her she was. But there was no denying that her daughter-in-law had one great fault; she kept her "things" and all her belongings in what we strangely call delightful confusion. Her four children, three girls and a boy, took after her in this, so that one may truly say nearly one-sixth, or, to be quite precise,  $\frac{1}{7}$  of the working hours of every day was spent in hunting for things that everybody was quite sure "were lying there not five minutes ago!" You should have seen her table at night, and the surrounding floor! How often her three pairs of scissors disappeared in the course of an evening's mending and darning it would have needed a mathematician



to reckon up. Every time she lost a pair she found another pair that had been lost the week before, yet had she never by any chance more than two pairs, and seldom even one, that she could lay her hands on. As for her reels, or bobbins, or her pirns as her mother-in-law called them, she never found one without finding two, so tangled were their threads together. She bought a penny thimble every week in the year, for her two silver ones had disappeared again, "disappeared" forsooth, as if it had been they that were to blame! Yet every time she wished to sew, it took at least four people, sometimes five, several minutes to find one.

Now, the odd thing was that young Mrs. Deanston honestly believed herself very good at looking for things that had been lost. She had been told one day when she was a child and had found something that her mother's household had been a whole month hunting for—it was a big packing-needle and she found it, by accident, half-an-hour after they had bought another—I say she had been told she was "a great finder," and to that description of herself she had clung all her days as if it had been a well-earned University Degree. Many people make similar mistakes. I have known a man who lived to be old and grey-headed before he found out that his arms were three inches shorter than the average for men of his height, who yet believed that he was almost as long-armed as Rob Roy or Robin Hood or whoever else it was that could tie his garters without stooping.

Yet that man had hardly ever bought a shirt in his life without having to get a reef, and sometimes two reefs, taken in in the sleeves. But the one thing that had stuck in his mind and had led him wrong all his life was the remark his doting grandmother had made about him, in his early childhood, one day when he had got her spectacles for her off the mantelpiece—"Oh what long arms you have got! I never saw anybody with such long ones!" There are persons, in like manner, who think they have lovely voices, and handsome faces, and an extraordinary musical ear, and the only foundation for their belief is a remark made in ignorance, or in flattery, or even perhaps in sarcasm, by some one whom they met eight-and-thirty years ago. When, therefore, Mr. Deanston would say, "What are you looking for now,?" and she would say, "It's that measuring-tape you handed me a little ago," she would be as likely as not to add when she found it lying in the lobby half-an-hour after, "You see I was always good at finding things," and her husband in perfect honesty—for he couldn't help believing what he heard affirmed so often every day—would say, "Quite true, Gwendoline! And I wish you could find either of the pencils I lent Jean to do her lessons with at tea-time."

### CHAPTER 3.

Most of the Nasturtium seeds fell to the ground with the first frost of October, and were then covered with the leaves that fell during a great storm a day or two after. But

a good many still clung, chiefly in lovely green triplets, to the sprays that had twined themselves high up among the bushes.

#### CHAPTER 4.

There was great rejoicing in the family when the Deanstons heard that, after weeks and weeks of pressing, Granny had consented to spend November with them. Old Mrs. Deanston had a wonderfully quiet calm way with her. No one ever saw her angry, unless at some cruel act of wrong-doing, and no one ever saw her flustered or impatient. Even while she lived her minister used to say, that whenever he thought of her, some of Tennyson's lines about Edith Aylmer always came into his mind :

"Fairer than Rachel by the palmy well,  
Fairer than Ruth among the fields of  
corn ;"

but especially those ones :

" . . . . When some heat of difference  
sparkled out,  
How sweetly she would glide between  
your wraths,  
And steal you from each other ! for she  
walked  
Wearing the light yoke of that Lord of  
love,  
Who still'd the rolling wave of Galilee !"

It was young Mrs. Deanston's first year with a garden, and of course she had a great deal to learn, and she knew that.

#### CHAPTER 5.

One lovely Monday that month when the children had a holiday—I can't remember what it was for, they have so many holidays now-a-days—their Grandmother told them

it was time for them to gather the Nasturtium seeds and dry them and lay them past to sow next Spring. "You should each take a cup and see how many you can gather. The more carefully you look the more you'll find, and when you have worked a while I'll come out and see if I can find any you've missed."

"And Mother must come with us !" the children cried. "We are all pretty good seekers, but we are not so good as Mother is. She is a great finder."

So they all set to, and did one corner of the garden, and what with the green triplets I spoke of, and especially their long stalks, they all in less than an hour had each quite a little heap in their cups. But, on their mother's suggestion, before going in for Granny, they let a few of the seeds fall "of purpose" for her, that she might not have to go back quite empty-handed, just as Boaz did for the diligent young gleaner that had come to his fields from the land of Moab.

But oh, how they all laughed when they saw Granny, who had been watching them from her seat in the window, coming out with a bowl ! The smallest cup in the house, they thought, would have been much more than sufficient. But oh, how their faces fell when, on the very first bush she came to, she found sprays of Nasturtium they had never noticed, and at the foot of it seeds they had passed over, here and there, and on every side ! And then came the biggest surprise of all. She lifted some of the half-withered leaves that were lying on



the ground, and under every one of them were seeds, and seeds, and seeds, by the dozen !

"But we never expected so many," they all exclaimed.

"Quite so, because you didn't know the Scriptures and the goodness of God. When God gives fruit and seed, He gives it royally—thirty, sixty, an hundred-fold. And He loves to hide things that we may have the fun and joy of finding them."

So they set to again, and took up two bowlfuls that remained besides those that they had gathered already.

#### CHAPTER 6.

On the Sabbath after, by one of those odd chances that are always happening in the providence of God, the minister read the chapter in Judges about Gideon, and when he came to the words, "What have I now done in comparison of you? Is not the gleaning of the grapes of Ephraim better than the vintage of Abiezer?" the children and their mother all turned round to their Granny and smiled, which was a very wrong thing—no, a very right thing for them to do.

And only once since then has their mother said she was always a great finder, and she had checked herself before she finished the sentence !

#### Twenty Years After !

ONE Sabbath evening a few weeks ago, when a grown-up family were gathered for family worship, their father said, "We'll sing the

103rd Psalm." Then quite unconsciously he began to repeat to himself *sotto voce* :

"And not forgetful be  
Of all His gracious benefits  
He hath bestowed on thee."

For the moment, said the lady who told me the story, he seemed quite lost in a kind of heavenly reverie, "as if he were retracing some lovely country walk in the bright sunshine, with the golden corn waving on either side." The mother having asked in her wonderment why he repeated these lines so disconnectedly, he replied : "The minister commended himself to me this morning by giving out the 103rd Psalm, and it recalled to me that New Year time twenty years ago when our nurse, Maggie Clark, brought the four children downstairs to sing the first four verses of that Psalm as a carol at our bedroom door. I was in the middle of my morning ablutions, my ears full of soap ! and the first words that reached me, in clear, piping notes, were these :

"And not forgetful be  
Of all His precious benefits  
He hath bestowed on thee."

I had missed the previous five lines. Those cunning little evangelists," he added, "did their work well. These words will go with me into eternity."

One has sometimes seen a footballer, more often a cricketer, hurrying to join his team after the game had been begun, hurrying, ashamed and anxious, because he did not know how much his absence





had cost his comrades or himself. Even so, every morning at our door and all the road that leads into the immediate presence of God, there is a host of them "that sing and play," an innumerable company of Angels, the general assembly and church of the first born, and the spirits of just men made perfect. And when we

might be joining with them, "quiring to the young-eyed Cherubins," singing with Christ the Song of Moses and the Lamb, our ears are dull of hearing, and our eyes we have closed in forgetfulness and unbelief, and the heavenly music is not perfect, because our part is wanting, and our seat is empty.

### Reasons for not going to Church. 14th Series.—No. 1.

*Time: 11.15 p.m., Saturday, 30th December, snow beginning to fall. This Girl, who has still nine parcels to deliver, several of them insufficiently addressed and all of them presents for children urgently needed for New Year's morn, is asking the Policeman where "Honeysuckle Hollow" is. "Honeysuckle Hollow? Second turn to the left and it's the last house at the top of the hill, the very last house; it's covered with ivy, and you go up a lot of steps to it." "And if you please, where is 'The Hut'?" Oh the Hut! You are a good bit past it; it is the big white granite house with the stone lions at the gate." "And where's "Labrador'?" "Labrador? Labrador? Ah but you beat me there, lassie!"*

*It will be near 1 a.m. when she gets home, and as she has been on her feet since 8 a.m. to-day, she will be in such a deep sleep to-morrow that her mother will not have the heart to waken her in time for the forenoon service.*

*'Labrador,'—as after vainly seeking for it all Monday forenoon she will find out on Tuesday when a lady calls at the shop to say that as her little daughter's New Year Doll has not been delivered yet, after being ordered on Saturday evening before half-past nine, in PLENTY of time to be sent home that night, they need not trouble sending it NOW—turned out to be the name of the upper flat—entrance by the back—of a house the name of whose front door flat has lately been changed from "Tierra del Fuego Lodge" to "Madagascar Villa."*





1	M	VERILY, VERILY.—Mr. Daniel Crawford tells of a cannibal chief in Central Africa who was brought to Christ by noticing how often these words occurred in a translation of John's Gospel which a boy read to him. Here was a certainty at last to rest on. "It will be my pillow," he said.
2	TU	Leaning back, as he was, on Jesus' breast.— <i>John 13, 25, R. V.</i>
3	W	For the Son of God was not yea and nay.
4	TH	In Him is the yea.— <i>2 Cor. 1, 19-20, R. V.</i>
5	F	I am the way, and the truth, and the life.— <i>John 14, 6, R. V.</i>
6	S	Other foundation can no man lay.— <i>1 Cor. 3, 11.</i>
7	S	My Father worketh even until now, and I work.— <i>John 5, 17, R. V.</i>
8	M	He gave to every man his work.— <i>Mark 13, 34.</i> "January 1, 1854. This will, I hope, be a year of industry."— <i>Lord Macaulay's Journals.</i>
9	TU	We returned, every one to his work.— <i>Neh. 4, 15.</i>
10	W	Ruth hath continued even from the morning until now.— <i>Ruth 2, 7.</i>
11	TH	A workman that needeth not to be ashamed.— <i>2 Tim. 2, 15.</i>
12	F	The way of the sluggard is as an hedge of thorns.— <i>Prov. 15, 19.</i>
13	S	Through idleness of the hands the house leaketh.— <i>Eccl. 10, 18, R. V.</i>
14	S	Thy work shall be rewarded.— <i>Jer. 31, 16.</i>
15	M	Behold, I come quickly ; and My reward is with Me.— <i>Rev. 22, 12.</i>
16	TU	God is not unrighteous to forget your work.— <i>Heb. 6, 10.</i>
17	W	Call the labourers.— <i>Matt. 20, 8.</i>
18	TH	We have forsaken all ; what shall we have therefore?— <i>Matt. 19, 27.</i>
19	F	Before honour is humility.— <i>Prov. 15, 33.</i> "His impatience often breaks out at having to forward to the Prime Minister requests for recognition of services. 'How fearfully foolish men are about honours!' he exclaims. 'It is maddening! Still honours.' 'Oh these eternal honours!'"— <i>Life of Lord Goschen.</i>
20	S	Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not.— <i>Jer. 45, 5.</i>
21	S	Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy.— <i>Micah 7, 8.</i>
22	M	When I fall, I shall arise. "His grandfather, Lieut. Collins, R.N., had his sloop blown up in action, but swam with some of his men to an enemy's vessel, crept on board under cover of the dense smoke, charged along the deck, and captured it!"— <i>Prof. J. Churton Collins' Life.</i>
23	TU	Perplexed, yet not unto despair.— <i>2 Cor. 4, 8, R. V.</i>
24	W	Smitten down, yet not destroyed.
25	TH	Let us play the men for our people.— <i>2 Sam. 10, 12.</i>
26	F	We went through fire and through water ;— <i>Ps. 66, 12.</i>
27	S	But Thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place.
28	S	His disciples marvelled that He was speaking with a woman.— <i>John 4, 37, R. V.</i>
29	M	Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I.— <i>Matt. 18, 20.</i> "In New England it was said that a log by the roadside with a student sitting on one end of it, and Mark Hopkins (a professor of philosophy) sitting on the other end, was a University."— <i>Prof. W. James' Memories and Studies.</i>
30	TU	The church that is in their house.— <i>1 Cor. 16, 19.</i>
31	W	Certain Greeks came to Philip, saying, Sir, we would see Jesus.— <i>John 12, 21.</i>



February, 1912.

One Halfpenny.

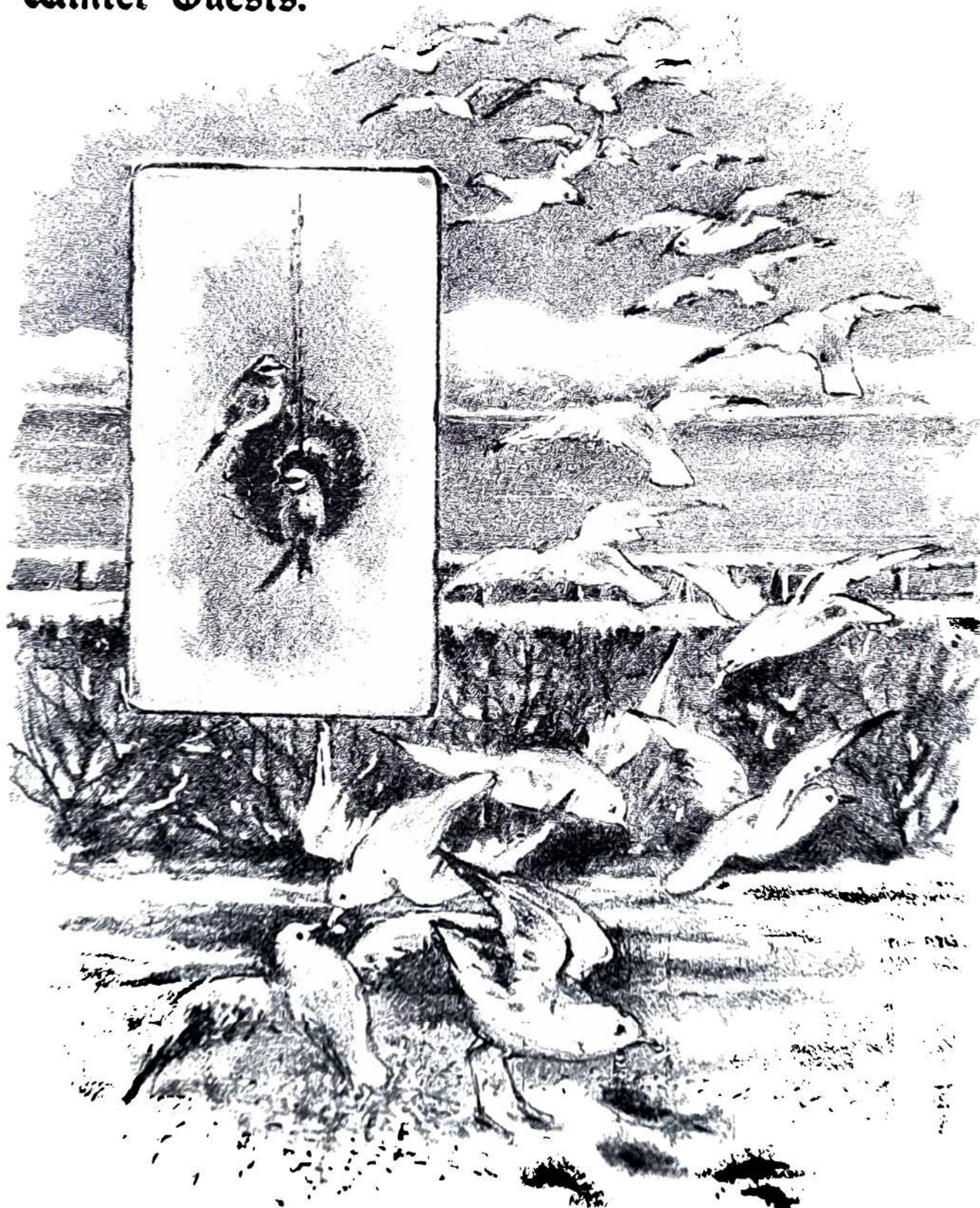
# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXV.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

NO. 2.

## Winter Guests.





NOW READY.

## The Morning Watch Volume for 1911.

PRICE, ONE SHILLING.

*Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.*

*Vols. XIV., XV., XVI., XVII., XVIII., XIX., XX., XXI., XXII., and XXIII., 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.*

*Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons, Ltd.  
Edinburgh & Glasgow: John Menzies & Co., Ltd.  
London: The Sunday School Union, 57 & 59  
Ludgate Hill, E.C.*

### February 29th.

*The fragments which remained over  
and above.—John 6, 13.*

**A**STRONOMERS and mathematicians, men whom the Spirit of God has filled with wisdom, tell us that our Earth flies 18 miles every second through the realms of space, that in going round the Sun it has to travel 583 million miles, and that to do so it takes 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 46 seconds, and nine two-hundredths or  $\cdot 045$  of a second. That is, properly speaking, the exact length of a year, but as fractions are an awkward thing to deal with, we take these fractions or fragments that remain over and above the 365 days, and put them aside till they mount up to a whole day. This they do, roughly speaking, every four years, and then we take that day, made up of the fragments, and add it to this fourth year, which we call Leap Year. These extra four-and-twenty hours we may look upon as twice twelve basketfuls of sixty

minutes each, a minute meaning literally a fragment or a broken piece of time. The God Who made these priceless fragments wishes us to gather them up and use them well.

One cannot help thinking that the poor woman who baked the five loaves—for barley was poor men's food—must have been not only a good baker, but one who gave good measure, otherwise Christ would not have honoured her by entering into partnership with her and making her a fellow-worker with Himself, and we may be sure that what He added to the labour of her hands was not inferior in quality. They would indeed by His blessing become the finest barley loaves man ever ate. The disciples would find that out as they feasted on the fragments at their leisure many days afterwards. In the same way, surely, we may expect the twenty-ninth day of this month to have a special heavenly quality about it, if only we will taste in faith and see.

The little lad, too, who stood at our Lord's right hand that day, must have been no common boy.

Those of you who have been at any of the concerts at an Exhibition must have noticed that, no matter how solemnly or beautifully some piece of music had been played, the last note had not died away till some boy was crying at his loudest—"Programmes one penny each!" His wares were more to him, and naturally so, than all the music. Had that little boy whom John tells us of been like others, he might easily have sold his little stock to some of

the hungry crowd. Apparently he preferred listening to the words of Christ. And had he been like many a merchant in our day, he would have seized his opportunity. He held what men call a "corner" in food stuffs, and could have commanded his own price.

But he lent it all to Christ, making no terms with Him!

One cannot help wondering how Christ repaid him. The boy, of course, would get some of the fragments to carry home. But what money would Christ pay for the loaves and the two small fishes? Would He give him the few farthings

that would be the current market rate? Or would He say to Philip, "Give the boy the two-hundred pence, the seven or eight pounds, that you calculated it would take to feed these 5,000 men?"

Or had the disciples no such sum of money in their common purse, and had the little lad nothing for his hire but a share of the fragments, and a life-long memory of the joy and wonder of that evening meal, and the promise that God would pay His debt in His Own way and in His Own time?

Perhaps the best part of that charming story has still to be told us.

## Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 4.)

48th  
Birth-  
day.

Dr. Philip Doddridge, 1702-1751, a great Non-conformist divine, the man who wrote "Hark, the glad sound, the Saviour comes," and "O God of Bethel, by Whose hand," wrote thus from Northampton, June 26, 1750: "I am this day forty-eight years old, but, O, how unworthy and unprofitable a creature!"

49th

On 5 December, 1844, Thomas Carlyle wrote thus from Chelsea to his Mother at Annan: "My dear Mother, yesterday, which was my birthday, I meant to have written to you: I said to myself, 'It is the least thou canst do on *her* behalf for bringing thee into the world!' I right fully purposed and meant: but just at the time intended for that pious object, an impertinent visitor was pleased to drop in, and my hands were tied! I reflected that you could not have *got* the letter any sooner at any rate; and so decided to write to-day.

"Dear Mother, many thoughts sure enough were in my head all yesterday! This time nine-and forty years, I was a small infant a few hours old, lying unconscious in your kind bosom; you piously rejoicing over me—appointed to love me while life lasted to us both. What a time to look back, thro' so many days, marked all with faithful labour by you, with joy and sorrow! I too could weep over them: but we will not weep, dear Mother;—surely we may say withal as the old Hebrew devoutly did, 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped us!' Yes; for all our sorrows and difficulties, we have not been without help;—neither shall we be. Your poor 'long sprawl



49th  
Birth-  
day.

of an ill-put-together thing,' as you once defined me, has grown up to be a distinct somewhat in this world ; and his good Mother's toil and travail with him was not entirely in vain. Much is come and gone ; and we are still left here :—and ought not our true effort, and endeavour more than ever, for the days that yet remain, to be even this, That we may serve the Eternal Maker of us ; struggle to serve Him faithfully, Him and not the Enemies of Him ! Even so.—My ever-loved Mother. I salute you with my affection once more, and thank you for bringing one into this world, and for all your unwearied care over me there. May God reward you for it,—as assuredly He will and does : I never can reward you !—

“Alas, here comes in another visitor : so I have to break off abruptly while my tale is but half told !”

On May 4, 1845, Mr. W. H. Prescott, the American historian, author of *The Conquest of Peru*, etc., wrote thus in his memoranda : “My forty-ninth birthday, and my twenty-fifth wedding-day ; a quarter of a century the one, and nearly half-a-century the other. An English notice of me last month speaks of me as being on the sunny side of thirty-five. My life *has* been pretty much on the sunny side, for which I am indebted to a singularly fortunate position in life ; to inestimable parents, who both, until a few months since, were preserved to me in health of mind and body ; a wife, who has shared my few troubles real and imaginary, and my many blessings, with the sympathy of another self ; a cheerful temper, in spite of some drawbacks on the score of health ; and easy circumstances, which have enabled me to consult my own inclinations in the direction and the amount of my studies. Family, friends, fortune—these have furnished me materials for enjoyment greater and more constant than is granted to most men. Lastly, I must not omit my books. . . . If what I have done shall be permitted to go down to after times, and my soul shall be permitted to mingle with those of the wise and good, I have not lived in vain. I have many intimations that I am now getting on the shady side of the hill, and as I go down, the shadows will grow longer and darker. May the dear companion who has accompanied me thus far be permitted to go with me to the close, ‘till we sleep together at the foot’ as tranquilly as we have lived.”

From Macaulay's *Journals* : “October 25, 1849. My birthday. Forty-nine years old. I have no cause of complaint. Tolerable health ; competence ; liberty ; leisure ; very dear relations and friends ; literary reputation . . . . As to fame, it may fade and die ; but I hope that mine has deeper roots . . . . The applause of people at Charleston, people at Heidelberg, and people at Paris has reached me this very week ; and this consent of men so differently situated leads me to hope that I have really achieved the high adventure which I undertook, and produced something that will live. What a long rigmarole ! But on a birthday a man may be excused for looking backwards and forward.”

### The Three Mighties.

*Benaiah, the son of a valiant man of Kabzeel, went down and slew a lion in a pit in a snowy day.—1 Chron. 11, 22.*

There were four lions in my way,  
One snowy day ;

Pride, Sloth, Forgetfulness, but chief  
Was Unbelief.

I turned to flee, but oh ! my fear  
Had cost me dear,

Had not a Snowdrop's tiny blade  
Come to mine aid.

In Winter's dark I saw how it  
From frost-bound pit

First of the flowers a conqueror came,  
And got a name

Like him, of whom the Prophets tell,  
Of Kabzeel.

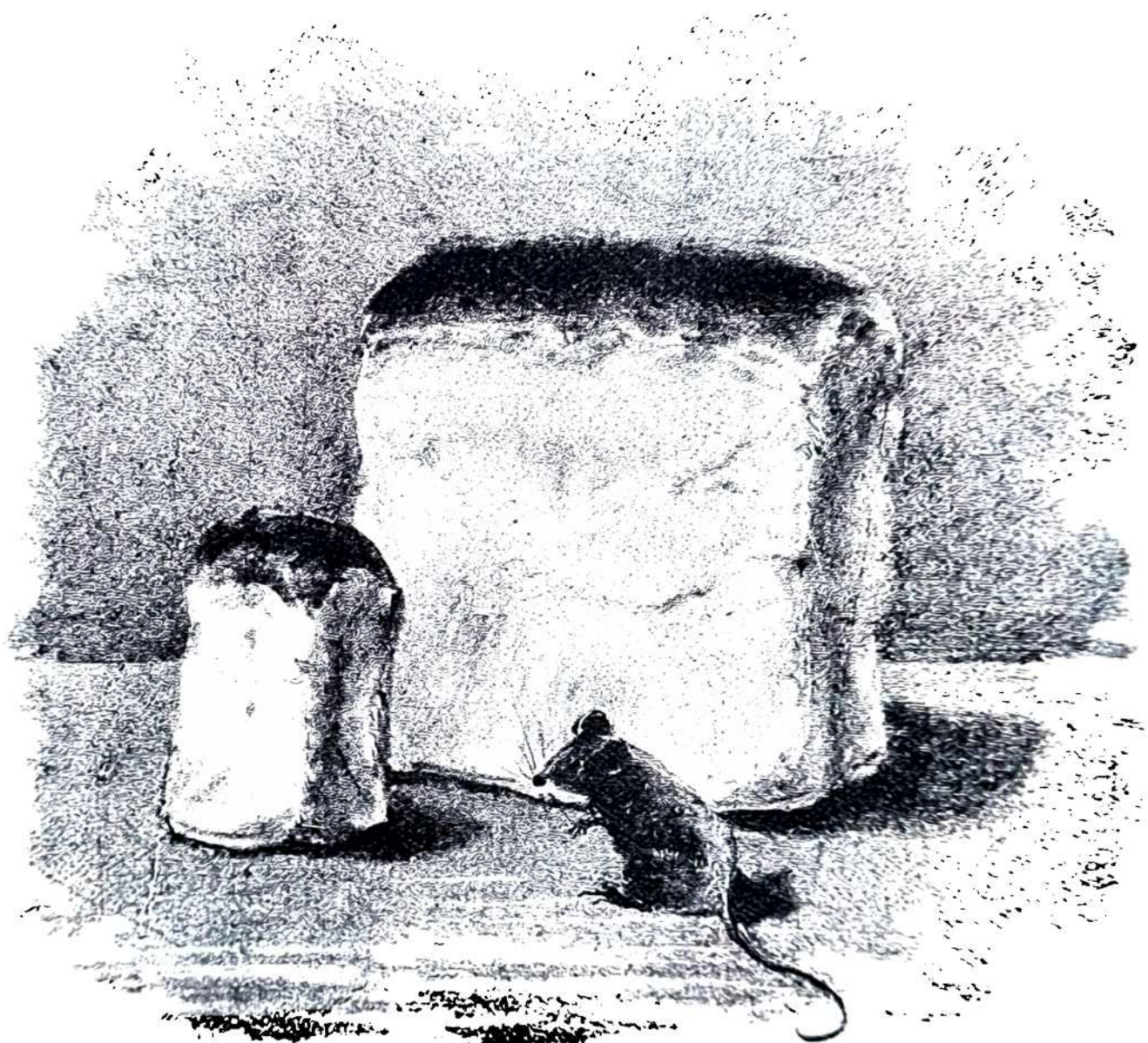
I turned again, took heart of grace  
My foes to face.

Benaiah, Snowdrop, and poor me—  
A mighty Three !—

All slew the lions in our way,  
One snowy day !







*"Surely this is an extraordinarily little loaf!"*

### A Punishment Loaf.

**I**T was my lot a few weeks ago to give a lecture to over 500 men in one of the largest prisons in Scotland. They were met in their Chapel, sitting beside one another on forms, with Warders on raised seats here and there. The Prison Commissioners think that lectures on all kinds of subjects do the men good in many ways. There is no

doubt the men themselves like them. It is a change to them. They see one another. They are allowed to laugh and cheer. And if a Warder were to find fault and say, "Stop that laughing No. 99; there's nothing to laugh at!" I suppose the man might appeal to the Visitor on the ground that there were differences of taste in humour, and that the passage at which he had laughed was a singularly fine, if

somewhat subtle, piece—a judgment in which we may be sure the lecturer himself would, though blushing, concur.

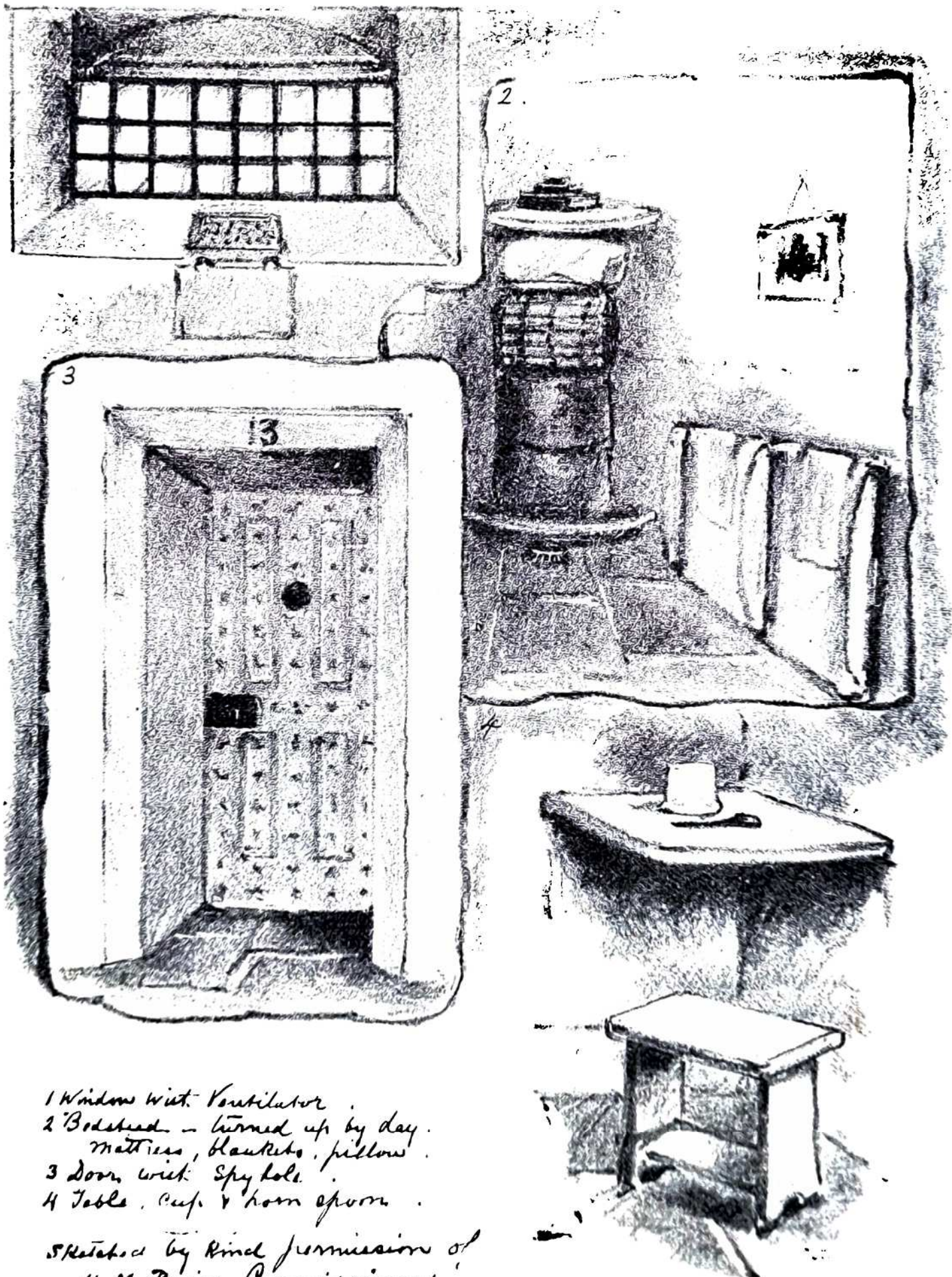
When the lecture was over—and it had to be over at an appointed moment—and the men were being led back to their cells, I was taken to the vast kitchen where they bake the bread and cook the food, and there I saw the loaves that were to supply some three or four prisons the next day. These loaves were of different sizes, amongst them being a number of little ones, such perfect beauties that I coveted and asked for one, on the spot, without thinking. I saw the next moment, however, that I had made a mistake. It was just as if in a Government Small Arms factory I had asked for a cartridge, or in a Bank had asked for one of those pretty little six-pences that were lying in abundance on the teller's desk. But whether it was that one too many had been baked; or that it was thought, if a question were put in Parliament, "If it was the case that a Protestant Minister had been supplied with bread for nothing out of Prison Stores, and if so, why?"—the Prison Commissioners might defend themselves by saying, 1. That it was the case, but 2, that as the gentleman in question had been lecturing, it was felt that, in the circumstances, his request for a ha'penny loaf as a memento of his visit, however improper and reprehensible, could scarcely be refused; or whether it was that the lecture was so poor that the Governor, unable to say as King Ahab did concerning Micaiah

—much as he would have wished it—"Put this fellow in the prison"—did the nearest thing to it he could by saying, "Feed him with bread of affliction;" whichever of these reasons it was, I got the beauty loaf after all! But I was greatly amazed, the moment after, when I was told it was what was called a "Punishment Loaf."

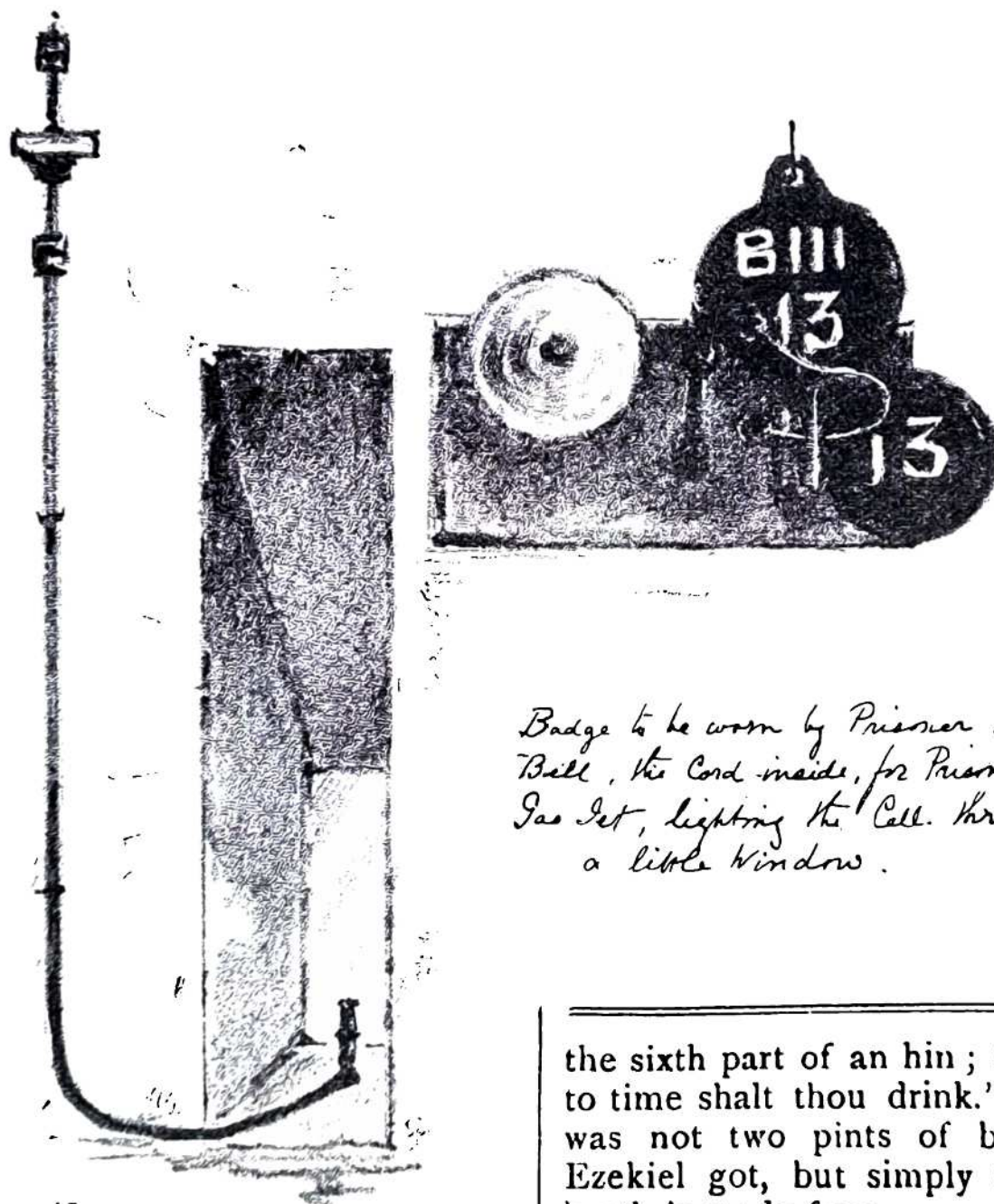
A prisoner gets porridge and buttermilk for breakfast and supper; for dinner he gets 12 oz. of bread, and two pints of broth or pea-soup, with so much beef boiled into it, so long as he behaves well. But if he breaks any of the prison rules he may be put, for one day at a time, on reduced rations, in which case he gets 4 oz. of bread for breakfast, 8 for dinner, and 4 for supper, and water as much as he likes to drink. It was a 4 oz. punishment ration that I had thought, like Eve with the forbidden fruit, so pleasant to the eyes, and a loaf to be desired to make one wise. Let me add, however, that if the good Governor seemed to grudge me that little morsel, there was no stint in what his lady and he had prepared for me at their own table!

Is it not a touching thing that a prisoner by his sin brings this upon himself, that he is shut off from his fellow-men for months or years, and is denied those opportunities of doing good to others that come to us, with every person we meet, hundreds of times each day? And he must eat his morsel alone; he is denied the right to give anything away—that is, he is denied all right









*Badge to be worn by Prisoner.  
Bell, the Cord inside, for Prisoner's Use.  
Gas Jet, lighting the Cell. through  
a little window.*

to a share in one of the greatest of God's attributes.

It is an interesting fact that a prisoner's daily ration to-day corresponds in quantity almost exactly to the provision to which, for a sign to Israel, God limited the prophet Ezekiel, chapter 4; "And thy meat which thou shalt eat shall be by weight, twenty shekels a day; from time to time shalt thou eat it. Thou shalt drink also water by measure,

the sixth part of an hin; from time to time shalt thou drink." Only it was not two pints of broth that Ezekiel got, but simply the water broth is made from.

A "Punishment Loaf!" What a strange "union and conjunction" of words! But it is man, and not God, that joins these two together. God's loaves are all Promise Loaves. Could there be a sweeter word than that which He speaks, in Isaiah 33, to the man that shutteth his eyes from seeing evil? "He shall dwell on high; his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks; bread shall be given him, his waters shall be sure." Why sure? Because our



bread and water come to us through Christ, and for His sake. Our daily bread is part of the Covenant of Grace. He that spared not His Own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things? And the other side of that statement is equally true. With every bite of bread, with every drop of water, with every thing God gives us, God gives us also the offer of His Unspeakable Gift, His well-beloved Son. That is why we "say grace," or "give thanks" at every meal. We thank God in the memorable words of a poor old woman who was sitting down to a crust and a cup of water—"for all this and Christ besides."

Never forget that our Lord broke bread and ate and supped with His disciples *after* His resurrection, and in eating bread, for the custom of the East is here the custom of Heaven, He made with us, if we will,

a covenant of friendship never to be broken.

O God, keep all of us who read these words from ever suffering as murderers, or thieves, or evil doers. Keeping Thy precepts may we walk at liberty, having our feet set in a large place, eating our own bread, serving our generation, and not chargeable to any man. Keep us from bringing shame on our friends and on our land; keep us from bringing reproach on Christ.

Thou Who dost set at liberty them that are bruised, loose all prisoners from their bonds, from stubbornness, pride, despair. Cause them to feel that they are Prisoners of Hope.

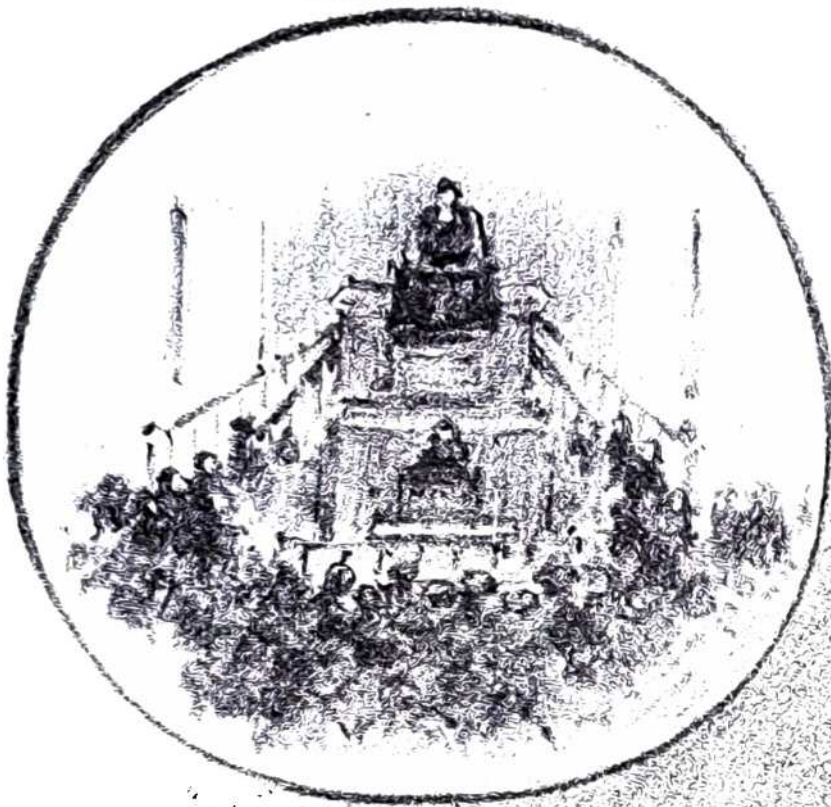
And give of Thy Holy Spirit to all who are keepers of our prisons, whether in high or low degree, that they may be tender, brave, and wise, and just. For Thy dear Son's sake. Amen.

## Reasons for not going to Church. 14th Series.—No. 2.

*This woman has given up going, because "the church is so empty," and it is "so depressing;" and she is "always meeting people who have the same feeling," and like herself "prefer to stay at home on Sabbaths and read their Bibles."*

*"And it is so different from what it was" when she was young. She often sits and thinks of the days "when the church was crowded to the door," and she and others "had many a time to sit on the pulpit stairs. But there doesn't seem to be the same earnest spiritual life that there used to be."*

*Thou hypocrite!*





1	TH	A just man.— <i>Mk. 6, 20.</i> “After you have been unfair to a boy he will love you again, but he will never afterwards be the same. No one ever gets over the first unfairness.”— <i>Peter and Wendy.</i>
2	F	Shall mortal man be more just than God?— <i>Job 4, 17.</i>
3	S	Righteousness and judgment are the foundation of Thy throne.— <i>Ps. 89. R. V.</i>
4	S	I say unto you, Love your enemies,
5	M	Do good to them that hate you,
6	TU	Bless them that curse you,
7	W	Pray for them that despitefully use you.— <i>Luke 6, 27.</i>
8	TH	Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven.— <i>v. 37.</i> When Mr. Spencer Perceval, then Prime Minister, was shot by a Liverpool broker, 11 May, 1812, his wife took all her family to see his dead body, and making them kneel down with her, prayed for the forgiveness of his murderer.
9	F	And ye shall be the children of the Highest.— <i>v. 35.</i>
10	S	Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them.— <i>Ch. 23, 34.</i>
11	S	For Mine Own sake, for Mine Own sake, will I do it.— <i>Is. 48, 11.</i>
12	M	The Name of the Lord is a strong tower.— <i>Prov. 18, 10.</i>
13	TU	The Israelitish woman's son blasphemed the Name.— <i>Lev. 24, 11.</i>
14	W	Let your speech be alway with grace, seasoned with salt.— <i>Col. 4, 6.</i>
15	TH	The words of the wise are as goads.— <i>Eccl. 12, 11.</i>
16	F	I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress.— <i>Ps. 17, 3.</i>
17	S	Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth.— <i>Ps. 141, 3.</i> Bernard Frederick Coleridge, one of the famous Coleridge family, writing home from H.M.S. <i>Impeteux</i> in June, 1804, says: “All the midshipmen are good fellows, but they swear rather, but I shall try what I can with God's assistance to keep out of their example.” He fell from the topmast, 18 months afterwards, and was killed on the spot. On his grave are the words, “He fell, to rise again.”
18	S	Men ought not to faint.— <i>Luke 18, 1.</i>
19	M	I know thy toil and patience.— <i>Rev. 2, 2, R. V.</i>
20	TU	Let us not be weary in well doing:
21	W	For in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.— <i>Gal. 6, 9.</i>
22	TH	He that endureth to the end shall be saved.— <i>Matt. 10, 22.</i>
23	F	Be ye stedfast, unmoveable.— <i>1 Cor. 15, 58.</i> “Unfortunately Lord Carteret's energy came in gusts; he was incapable of that self-contained patience amounting to long-suffering which is a necessary condition of the highest success.”— <i>Chatham by Lord Rosebery.</i>
24	S	Looking back.— <i>Luke 9, 62.</i> Turned back.— <i>Ps. 78, 9.</i>
25	S	The number of man's months is with Thee,— <i>Job 14, 5, R. V.</i>
26	M	And Thou hast appointed his bounds that he cannot pass.
27	TU	The Lord thy God shall enlarge thy border.— <i>Deut. 12, 20.</i>
28	W	There shall be a pillar at the border to the Lord.— <i>Is. 19, 19.</i>
29	TH	Thou shalt make loops of blue upon the edge of the curtain.— <i>Ex. 26, 4.</i> “I find earth not grey, but rosy; Heaven not grim, but fair of hue. Do I stoop? I pluck a posy. Do I stand and stare? All's blue.— <i>Browning.</i> ”



March, 1912.

One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXV.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 3.



*"Why, Freddie,  
what IS the  
matter?"*

*"Oh mother!*

*the Moon's broke! Who broke the Moon?"*



NOW READY.

## The Morning Watch Volume for 1911.

PRICE, ONE SHILLING.

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Edinburgh & Glasgow: John Menzies & Co., Ltd.  
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Ludgate Hill, E.C.*

*Canst thou speak Greek?—Acts 21, 37.*

ONE of America's greatest and best known writers tells how he had once occasion to appear in connection with some matter of customs duty before a Roman Catholic Irish magistrate who had received office for political services. The magistrate, who had evidently never heard the author's name before and was incapable of knowing a great man even when he saw him, put this question to him, "Can you read?" and received for answer, "I can read a little, sir."

One has heard, too, of a young mechanic who once put an idea or two about electricity into the head of an old man whom he casually met, and learned afterwards that the old man whom he had been instructing was Lord Kelvin! We say of such instances that the man put his foot in it pretty badly.

One wonders if the Roman tribune Claudius Lysias ever knew in any measure how thoroughly he had blundered when he asked Paul, who spake with tongues more than

they all, if he knew Greek. What would he have said had he been told that that man had already written two or three Greek books, which we now call the Epistles to the Corinthians and the Galatians and the Romans, and was to write a few more which we call the Epistles to the Philippians, Colossians, and Ephesians, that were to be of more value to the world a thousandfold than all that Homer, and Aeschylus, and Sophocles, and Thucydides, and Demosthenes, and Aristotle, and Plato, had ever written, said, or sung? What would he have said had he been told that Paul had written things which the very Angels cannot fathom, because they contain the deep things of God?

But there are far absurder questions recorded in the Bible than that which Lysias put; indeed, it is in the Bible that you will find the absurdest questions ever put by mortal man. Perhaps the high water mark in this respect was reached by the two disciples who were going to Emmaus, who asked the Risen Lord if He was only a stranger in Jerusalem and didn't know the things which had come to pass there!

But here are one or two more. There was Pharaoh's question: "Who is the Lord that I should obey His voice?" There was Asaph's: "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" There was the disciples' cry: "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?"

And all these questions you and I have many a time put to God. We are worse than Claudius Lysias!

## Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 16.)

49th  
Birth-  
day.

"27th Feb., 1851. If we counted birthdays as the Germans do weddings, this would be my golden birthday. To-day I sail into Longitude 50°. Half-a century old!"—*New Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle.*

"14th July, 1878. My birthday. I think the most grave and important lesson which I have learned in nine-and-forty years is the incalculable and infinite superiority of gentleness to every other force and the imperious necessity of humility as a foundation to every other virtue."—*Diary of the late Dr. Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury.*

"If you are feeling old and are oppressed with the sense that your days are few and the future is little to you, go to the Three Volumes of Morley's *Life of Gladstone*, and see where Gladstone was at your age, and what he had" (for good or ill) "in front of him. Yesterday I was forty-nine, and all day long I struggled with the thought that the fiftieth year was the beginning of the end. It comforted me amazingly to find that at this age Mr. Gladstone had not yet got into his Second Volume."—*The Comments of Bagshot.*

50th

"31st October, 1670. I was this morning fifty years of age; the Lord teach me to number my days so as to apply them to His glory! Amen."—*The Diary of John Evelyn.*

"Next March," Mr. Lecky the historian wrote to a friend early in 1888, "I shall have reached the mature age of fifty, and I should like to write some of my thoughts on other subjects than Irish history before the end. I have for a great many years kept a commonplace book for stray and miscellaneous thoughts, and I find that it foreshadows, as it will, I hope, largely assist my future work."

Louis Agassiz, 1807-1873, the descendant of a line of seven Swiss-Huguenot ministers of the Gospel, professor at Harvard, U.S.A., the man who said that "a laboratory of Natural History was a Sanctuary of God," and that he was "too busy to make money," had his 50th birthday celebrated in three ways:—1. By himself, by issuing the first volume of a great work on American Zoology at which he had long been working. For weeks before, he toiled at his desk far on into the night, going out now and again into the darkness and the open air to cool the fever of work, and then returning to his desk again. His relief was great when he wrote "Finis" on the last page within the appointed time. 2. By a company of his pupils and friends, who at the stroke of twelve at midnight sang a favourite German choral and other songs to remind him of his student days across the seas. 3. By a dinner given by the "Saturday Club," a gathering of some of the most eminent men in



50th  
Birth-  
day.

the United States. It was for this occasion Longfellow wrote a poem, of which these are the first six verses :—

It was fifty years ago,  
In the pleasant month of May,  
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,  
A child in its cradle lay.  
And Nature, the old nurse, took  
The child upon her knee,  
Saying: "Here is a story-book  
Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come, wander with me," she said,  
"Into regions yet untrod,  
And read what is still unread  
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away  
With Nature, the dear old nurse,  
Who sang to him night and day  
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,  
Or his heart began to fail,  
She would sing a more wonderful song,  
Or tell a more marvellous tale.

So she keeps him still a child,  
And will not let him go,  
Though at times his heart beats wild  
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud.

On July 3, 1895, Dr. Barnardo (who died 19th Sept., 1905) wrote: "If spared until to-morrow, I shall have reached my fiftieth year, and although deeply sensible of many wasted opportunities for serving Christ, and of much failure and imperfection in what has been accomplished, I cannot but also look back upon innumerable mercies, and upon the continued and unceasing goodness of God vouchsafed, spite of failure, to His unworthy servant."

A reception had been arranged by his friends at which a grandfather's clock was to be presented to him by members of his staff, but he was too ill to be present.

In 40 years he was the means of rescuing 62,312 waif children.

The late William Sharp, an author who wrote also under the name of Fiona Macleod, was in the habit of writing and posting to himself on his birthday a letter of admonition. Here is the letter written on his 50th birthday, 12th September, 1905 :—"My dear Will, Another birthday has come, and I must frankly say that apart from the loss of another year, and from what the year has brought you in love and friendship and all that makes up life, it has not been to your credit. . . . True, you have been in America and Italy and France and Scotland and England and Germany—and so have not been long settled anywhere—and true that for a month or two you were seriously, and for a few months partially, ill; but still, after all

50th  
Birth-  
day.

allowances, I note not only an extraordinary indolence in effort but an unmistakeable laziness in achievement. Now, either you are growing old (in which case admit dotage, and be done with it), or else you are permitting yourself to remain weakly in futile havens of ignoble repose or fretful false rest. Let our New Year be a very different one from the last, dear friend: and let us not only beautifully dream but achieve in beauty. Lovingly yours, dear Will, Fiona."

It is a good thing at times, as the fourth Psalm puts it, "to commune with one's own heart." "For if we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged."

### The Late Lord Lister.

*This also cometh forth from the Lord of hosts, which is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working.—Is. 28, 29.*

THESE words are engraved on the monument in Boston, U.S.A., which was set up to commemorate the first use of what we would call chloroform. They are taken from the chapter which tells us that when God threshes the grain in harvest, He does not thresh it any longer than is necessary. Even so, when He chastises us, He does it in measure. He remembers how frail we are.

Less than seventy years ago when men or women had to undergo a surgical operation, they had to be held or strapped down. The wife of Sir James Paget the great surgeon tells us that at the beginning of her married life she used to hear from the adjoining building the screams of the patients, and it filled her with such horror that she often wondered why a day had not been set apart for national thanksgiving for the discovery of the means whereby operations were made painless.

It was found out, however, specially in hospitals, that operations

might be painless and yet none the less deadly. Putrefaction set in, and in the severer operations almost every second person died. So serious was the state of matters that in some places great surgeons were even making up their minds to close their wards. It was then, about fifty-eight years ago, that Mr. Joseph Lister, as he then was, began in the Glasgow Royal Infirmary a series of investigations and experiments which made him "in the curing of disease, the saving of suffering, and the prolongation of life, the greatest benefactor to the human race of whom we have record." His great principle was that the patient's wound, the doctor's and nurse's hands, the surgical instruments, and the very air itself, must all be kept *absolutely* clean, free not only from all uncleanness that is visible, but from the deadlier forms of it in the shape of poisonous germs that are invisible.

Lord Lister's wife was the daughter of Prof. James Syme of Edinburgh. The words he applied to that eminent man, forty-two years ago, may be applied in ten-fold measure to himself. "Besides being a surgical genius of the highest order,





As remembered  
in 1901.

Yours very sincerely  
Lister

he was a perfect gentleman, and a good, as well as a great man."

A London Physician, in his *Confessio Medici*, written four years ago, has a striking passage about a special privilege that is enjoyed by any Doctor who holds a Court appointment. If he is on his way to the Palace, and his carriage is stopped by the passing of the Household Cavalry, he may in his turn stop them and drive straight through the little procession. "I should love to see that," adds the Physician in a delightful passage. "I imagine the scene: those resplendent horsemen all held up by some doctor, like the sun and the moon in the Book of Joshua; see

the honest pride of the doctor's coachman as the glittering line of helmets and cuirasses halts with a backward shock, like so many coal trucks. Cedant arma togæ, let arms give way to the doctor's gown. The on-lookers laugh and stare, and one or two as the carriage trundles past them lift their hats."

I think we may imagine with reverence an infinitely more impressive scene. It is no earthly troop of cavalry that comes rushing on. It is a pale horse, and his name that sat on him was Death, and this pale horse and its rider, through the might of God's Spirit granted to him Lord Lister held up and stayed and put to flight.

### Cardoness Castle.

**A**ROUND the throne of God in heaven  
Thousands of children stand,  
Children whose sins are all forgiven,  
A holy, happy band,  
Singing, "Glory, glory, glory!"

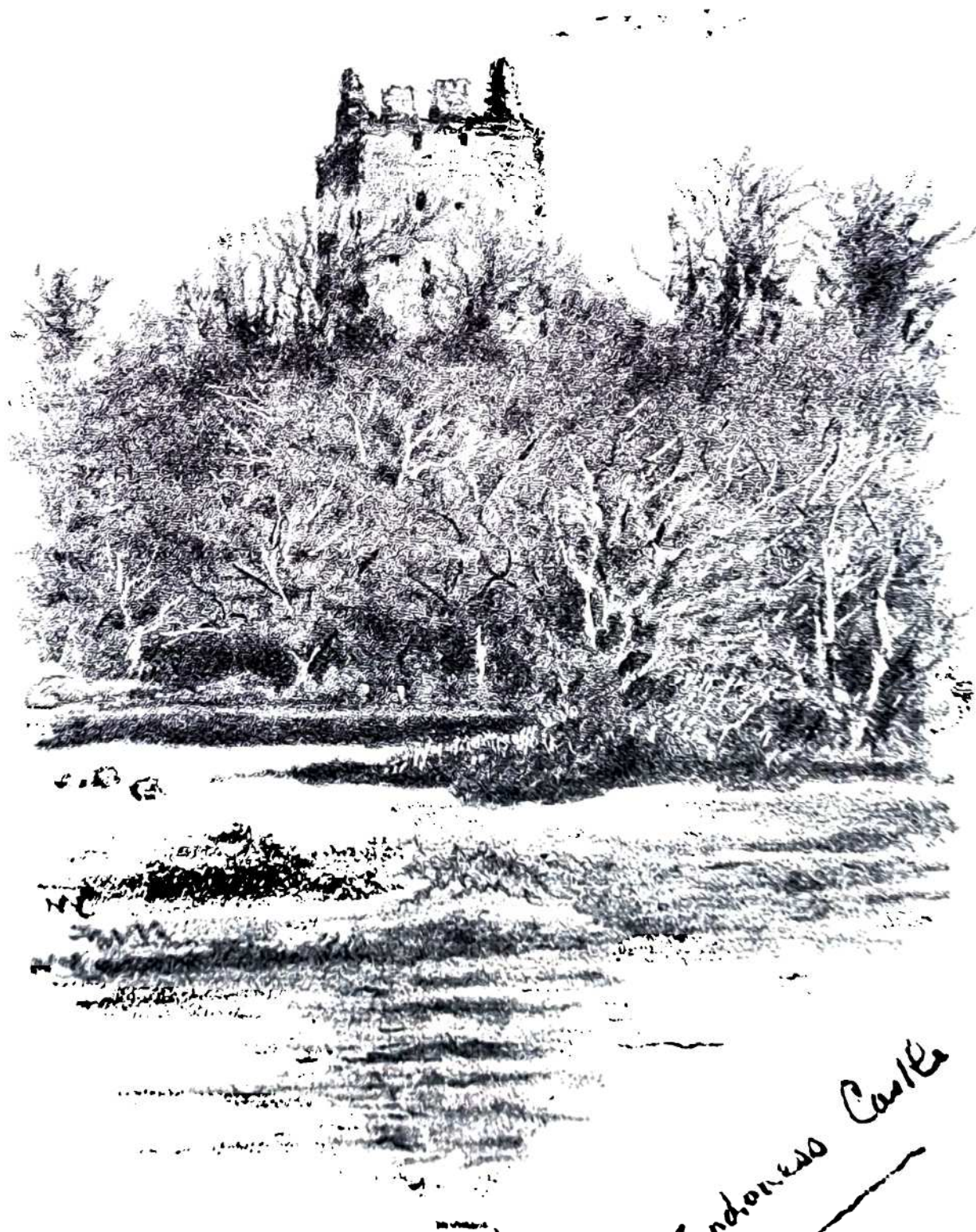
Why should that childhood's hymn come to one's mind when one looks at the gaunt old tower of Cardoness Castle? It stands, grimly defensive, scant of windows, strong of walls, on a wooded cliff, casting its shadows down into the sluggish water of the river Fleet which flows past on its way to join the Solway. Close at hand there are bonnie hills and hollows, red, as the writer saw them last October, with fading brackens, and clumps of crimson wooding whose branches Autumn was laying bare against a deep blue sky. Far off are the hills of Galloway and a gleam of Wigtown Bay. Time has

wrought no change on these, but man's work decays, and the old Castle walls are mouldering to ruin. Why do they suggest the singing of little children?

We know but little of those whose home it was, who now lie sleeping in the little churchyard of Anwoth hard by, but we do know that scarcely three hundred years ago there were little children whose eyes looked out from these high window-slits, whose feet passed up and down the narrow stairs, and whose sweet voices echoed through the dimly lighted hall.

We know also that at the same time there were little ones in the Manse. The minister of Anwoth, Mr. Samuel Rutherford, and the Laird of Cardoness, John Gordon, were good friends, and we can imagine those children meeting mid-





*Cardoness Castle*

way between their homes in the green ferny hollows, plucking primroses and listening to the cuckoo in Spring time, and in the mellow Autumn days stringing necklaces of the crimson hip berries and staining their fingers and lips with brambles, as children have done generation after generation.

The Castle still stands, but the Manse is no more. The tiny roofless church with its ivied walls, the quiet graveyard with many a moss-grown stone, the path leading from the church to where the Manse stood, the little stream with its stepping stones leading on to the site of the old homestead, are there; but for over eighty years the plough has levelled the sod where the Manse stood, and not a stone remains. Yet evidences there are that at one time here has been a human dwelling. In a little corner where the plough has not ventured, where the low stone wall makes a turn which indicates the boundary of a garden, there is a bed of nettles—sure token

of man's presence—and still pressing close to the wall the gnarled stump of an old, old plum tree. Surely here was the garden where the little Manse children played!

I am sorry if my story is a sad one, but it is a happy one, too. The minister's little ones were taken to heaven, and the minister himself was banished to Aberdeen and forbidden to preach about the Saviour Whose loveliness he longed to show forth. While he was there news came of the death of little Barbara Gordon, and then of another of the little children in the Castle. But in a vision Mr. Rutherford saw them, and doubtless his own little ones too, all safe in the heavenly home. In a letter to the poor weeping father and mother he says: "I am a witness of Barbara's glory in heaven."

On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,  
On earth they loved His name;  
So now they see His blessed face,  
And stand before the Lamb,  
Singing, "Glory, glory, glory!"



*Manse Church*



*But He said unto them, Shew me a penny.—Luke 20, 24.*

IN the *Life* of the late Duke of Devonshire, better known in his day as the Marquis of Hartington, we read of him as a boy fretting somewhat because his schoolmaster, a Mr. Conybeare, had asked him to write a story on the Adventures of an Athenian Drachma, or Shilling, from the years 500 to 400, B.C. It was a fine subject for an exercise, one that might well give a boy a chance of showing both knowledge and imagination. All times are great, but that was one of the greatest of all centuries in the world's history. In it were fought the battles of Marathon and Thermopylae and Salamis; it was the age of Themistocles, and Aristides, and Leonidas, and Pericles, and Socrates. There was scope and to spare for Adventures of all kinds.

There is no coin in the realm that has not a history. It may lie

for years and years in a box or in a desk or in a bank, yet a day comes in which it has adventures from morn to night—adventures to smile at, adventures that might make us weep. Every person through whose hands any piece of money passes leaves his image and superscription on it. How it was got, how it was received, how it was kept, how it was spent—all these things are of interest, and of eternal interest, to God. They never pass from His memory. The ha'penny in one's hand that looks so commonplace may have such associations bound up with it as may make God shudder with sorrow and anger. Should not you and I try to redeem it, and every coin that passes through our hands, by using it in His fear and love?

Perhaps all that shall be needed to justify or condemn us as the Last Day will be the story of how we earned and how we spent one week's wages.

### **Reasons for not going to Church. 14th Series.—No. 3.**

*This young man has joined the following societies since he came to our town four months ago:—The Boat Club, the Camera Club, the Glee and Madrigal Society, the Fortnightly Ramblers, the Peak Climbers, the Angling Club, and the Cricket Club, though practice doesn't begin for seven weeks yet; also the Geological and Microscopical Societies, and a few more whose names I forget. He is also proposing to get up a very select thing, to be called The Mushroom Sodality or Confraternity, which is to meet four times a year. But he has not gone to any Church, because he has hardly had time to settle down yet, and as his Company may possibly transfer him to their Head Offices at Liverpool, he hardly thinks it fair either to himself or others to form connections that may have to be broken at a month's notice.*





1	F	That He might know what they had gained by trading.— <i>Luke 19, 15.</i>
2	S	Begin not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father.— <i>Luke 3, 8.</i> “If a Bank or Insurance Company takes over a business, any consideration for the “Good Will” is immediately written off.”— <i>Stocks and Shares by Hartley Withers.</i>
3	S	Perfect through sufferings.— <i>Heb. 2, 10.</i>
4	M	We went through fire and through water.— <i>Psa. 66, 12.</i>
5	TU	It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth.— <i>Lam. 3, 27.</i>
6	W	The Father of spirits chastened us for our profit.— <i>Heb. 12, 10.</i>
7	TH	Moab hath been at ease from his youth. “March 7, 1894. Yesterday picked my first wild primrose. I had searched all manner of dells and coverts without success, naturally thinking that where there was shelter from these detestable winds <i>there</i> would lurk the little darlings. Norrabirravit! Right in the very teeth of pitiless exposure I found the bonnie little wretch.”— <i>T. A. Brown's Letters.</i>
8	F	He hath settled on his lees,
9	S	And hath not been emptied from vessel to vessel.— <i>Jer. 48, 11.</i>
10	S	My Lord delayeth His coming.— <i>Luke 12, 45.</i>
11	M	Where is the promise of His coming?— <i>2 Pet. 3, 4.</i>
12	TU	For all things continue as they were from the beginning.
13	W	I will come on thee as a thief.— <i>Rev. 3, 3.</i>
14	TH	Thou shalt not know what hour I will come upon thee. “In politics two years are an eternity.”— <i>Disraeli to Bulwer Lytton.</i>
15	F	Forget not that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years,
16	S	And a thousand years as one day.— <i>2 Pet. 3, 8. R.V.</i>
17	S	Quicken me after Thy loving kindness.— <i>Psa. 119, 88.</i>
18	M	The angels hastened Lot. “All through life I have had to work with men who thought three times as quick as I did, and <i>I have found this a great disadvantage.</i> ”— <i>The late Duke of Devonshire.</i> The last seven words are disappointing.
19	TU	But Lot lingered, and the men laid hold upon his hand.— <i>Gen. 19, 15.</i>
20	W	They took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus.— <i>Acts 4, 13.</i>
21	TH	Iron sharpeneth iron.— <i>Prov. 27, 17.</i>
22	F	The testimony of the Lord maketh wise the simple.— <i>Psa. 19, 7.</i>
23	S	The King found Daniel ten times better than all the magicians.— <i>Dan. 2, 20.</i>
24	S	Wearisome nights are appointed to me.— <i>Job. 7, 3-4. R.V.</i> “April, 1907. Last night I had 343 different sleeps, each of them with a dream.”— <i>Later Letters of Marcus Dods.</i>
25	M	When I lie down, I say, when shall I arise? but the night is long.
26	TU	Full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning of the day.
27	W	In the morning thou shalt say, Would God it were even!
28	TH	And at even, Would God it were morning!— <i>Deut. 28, 67.</i>
29	F	Thou holdest mine eyes watching.— <i>Psa. 77, 4. R.V.</i>
30	S	When I awake, I am still with Thee.— <i>Psa. 139, 18.</i>
31	S	As His custom was, Jesus went into the synagogue on the Sabbath.— <i>Luk. 4, 16.</i>

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXV.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

No. 4.



The Collier Laddies' Monument at Penicutch.



NOW READY.

## The Morning Watch Volume for 1911.

PRICE, ONE SHILLING.

*Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.*

*Vols. XIV., XV., XVI., XVII., XVIII., XIX., XX., XXI., XXII., and XXIII., 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.*

*Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons, Ltd.  
Edinburgh & Glasgow: John Menzies & Co., Ltd.  
London: The Sunday School Union, 57 & 59  
Ludgate Hill, E.C.*

*Greater love hath no man than this, that a  
man lay down his life for his friends.—  
John 15, 13.*

**I**N the Mauricewood Pit disaster in 1889 there perished sixty-eight men and boys. Only two escaped. Other three might easily have done so too. They were pony-drivers, but they turned back to warn the men.

Professor Lewis Campbell of St. Andrews University wrote an epitaph in Greek on them, which some one—I know not who—turned into our Scots tongue thus. (The first line contains the advice given by Hippolochus to his son Glaucus, a commander in the Trojan War):—

"Aye afore others put yersel,"

So spake the Grecian sire.

"Duty, bairns, must aye be mindit,  
Duty through the fire—"

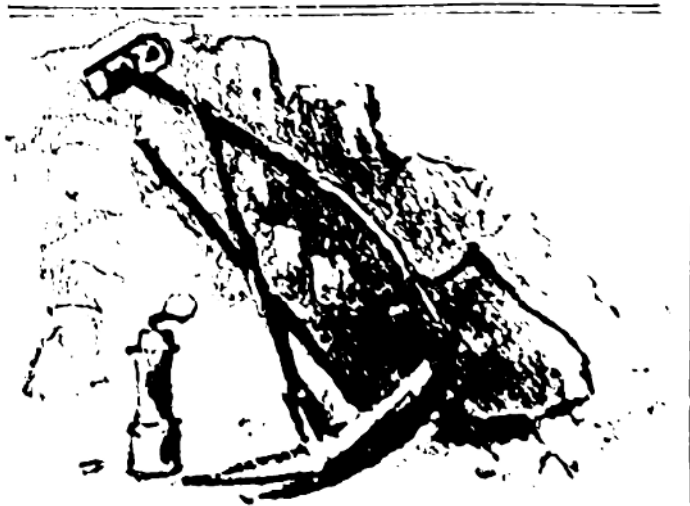
Is a' that's teacht to collier laddies  
By working unpretending daddies.

Another writer—for the heart of all Scotland was moved at the time—pictured a meeting between the 'Three Boys and the Three Hundred Greek heroes who died in the Pass of Thermopylae fighting under

Leonidas against the Persian hosts:

Three Hundred Men  
From the Grecian glen,  
All clad in shining brass,  
Were standing by  
With Spartan eye  
To see Three Laddies pass.

I have reproduced this story, with the illustration on the previous page, from an old number of this Magazine for this reason. We are disappointed at this time by the action of the miners, who, like some other groups of our countrymen from whom we should have looked for better things, seem to have taken a cruel advantage of their power. It is good for us to think not only of their faults but of their wrongs in times past; and good also to remember the countless heroic deeds, and the saintly lives, of many of those who have made their days nights without moon or stars that our nights might be made sunnier than summer days. There are many pits throughout our land from whose depths there daily rises the voice of praise and prayer, whose workers, forgotten indeed, as Job says (ch. 28th, R.V.), of the foot that passeth by, are God's continual remembrancers.



## Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 29.)

49th  
Birth-  
day.

Writing from Dunrobin Castle, Sutherlandshire, John Delane, 1817-1879, a famous Editor of *The Times*, says: "Oct. 11, 1866. My forty-ninth birthday, rather sad. The Prince and Princess went away, having treated me very kindly. The remnants of the party not very interesting, and rather flat." The Prince was the late King, and the "remnants" included his brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, and a number of other high-born people.

50th

"June 19, 1884," says Mrs. Spurgeon, "was one of the red-letter days in my husband's life, for he then completed the fiftieth year of his life." To commemorate the occasion his congregation built "with gratitude and gladness" a Jubilee House, at the back of the Tabernacle, for church purposes. They gave him also a large sum of money, most of which, as was his wont with such gifts, he instantly gave away. At the meeting at which the presentations were made he told his people that he attributed all his happiness and success in preaching to the fact that he had continually set forth Christ as the propitiation for our sins, and that in his speaking he had put all his dependence on the Holy Ghost.

These words, "a red-letter day," contrast strikingly with what Dean Swift, 1667-1745, the author of *Gulliver's Travels*, thought of his birthday, the 30th November. On that day he always read the 3rd chapter of Job: "After this opened Job his mouth, and cursed his day. And Job spake, and said, Let the day perish wherein I was born," etc. Towards the end of his life Swift kept his Bible always open at this place.

"4 May, 1846. My fiftieth birthday; a half century! This is getting on with a vengeance. It is one of those frightful halting-places in a man's life that may make him reflect a little. But half a century is too long a road to be looked over in half-an-hour; so I will defer it—till when? But what have I done the last year? The first eleven months I wrote 520 pages text and notes of my *Conquest of Peru*. I have symptoms of the decay of my right eye not to be mistaken or disregarded." (His left eye had been destroyed while he was at college, a fellow student having playfully thrown a piece of bread at him.) "I shall not aspire to more than three hours' use of it in any day. This will retard my progress; but I have time enough, being only half a century old; and why should I press?"—*W. H. Prescott, the American Historian*.

From Macaulay's Journal: "October 25, 1850. My birthday. I am fifty. Well, I have had a happy life. I do not know that anybody, whom I have seen close, has had a happier. Some things I regret: but, on the whole, who is better off? I have not children of my own, it is true; but I have children whom I love as if they were my own,



50th  
Birth-  
day.

and who, I believe, love me. I wish that the next ten years may be as happy as the last ten. But I rather wish it than hope it."

The late distinguished physician, Sir W. H. Broadbent, Bart., K.C.V.O., F.R.S., wrote on his birthday, 25th January, 1885: "On reaching fifty there is no concealing from myself that I am far advanced on the table-land of middle life, if not on the downward slope of declining powers. I do not feel as if I were fifty; my interest in my pursuits is active, my feelings are fresh, and my spirits buoyant. But this, no doubt, is the universal experience, and I do not try to disguise from myself the truth. It has been a solemn season. My life has been one unbroken series of successes and providences. My early difficulties and trials were not the least among them; but for them my character would never have been braced up to the degree of firmness which has been so important an element in my success. I look back on my life humbly and thankfully—almost, indeed, with trembling—when I remember how often my foot had well nigh slipped.

"At fifty it is no longer time for making vows and promises; all I dare is to acknowledge and deplore my shortcomings, and place myself in God's keeping, to do with me as He sees fit. If I were disposed for self-congratulation (which I am not, for I hold good fortune with a trembling hand, and fear lest I have already had more than my share), if I were disposed to dwell on my prospects, there is much promise in them. I do wish to make my mark on medical science, and to contribute to the relief of human suffering through many generations."

51st

"Having plied the writing of my essay on the Hebrew accents through the winter," says Thomas Boston in his *Account of My Life*, "I finished it on Mar. 17, 1727"—his 51st birthday—"consisting the first part of 182, the second of 322 pages in quarto; and laid it before the Lord with thanksgiving for life, strength, and assistance, graciously afforded me for that effect. And with a joyful heart I sang the latter part of Ps. 71st, which my God gave me for my launching out." (It was while he was singing that Psalm on a Monday morning "in the laigh western room of his manse" a year before that he had finally made up his mind to write his essay.) "This was a joyful day to me amid many melancholy days, seeing myself now on the shore, which some time a day there was no great appearance of reaching. As for my body, it held out this winter better than in the preceding; and was really in better case, when I ended that work, than when I entered upon it. He is faithful. After having thus ended the work which I had looked on as the business of my life, I applied myself to put some things in order, with a view to my death."

He lived for other five years, but "the iron gate in the essay's way was not as yet to be opened," nor indeed did it open till he himself had been six years in the grave. It was printed in 1738, but it was not his book on accents that proved to be the business of his life, but his *Fourfold State*, and his *Crook in the Lot*, and his *Autobiography*.



April 1.



## Captain Roald Amundsen.



*The Earth hath He given to the children  
of men.—Ps. 115, 16.*

**T**HE anxiety and misery and shame caused by the Coal Strike have cast so great a shadow

over everything—a shadow that has drawn like an eclipse darkening our land—that we have had no heart or eyes to see the great light that God has made to arise over the South Pole after so many thousands of

years of unbroken darkness. Captain Roald Amundsen's arrival at that long sought for goal is one more great step in man's conquest of his long-promised inheritance.

This crowning victory has been won by one who was worthy of it. When he was a boy, he has told us, his heart beat fast on that 30th of May, 1889, when his great countryman Fridtjof Nansen returned from his Greenland Expedition. From that hour a great longing to make the North West Passage took possession of him. And in due time he made it, reaching Behring Strait on the 30th August, 1906, in his little herring-boat the *Gjøa*, the first of all men to pass from ocean to ocean north of Patagonia. On that great voyage he had some very solemn moments, and some very solemn hours. There was the day when some oily waste in the little engine-room took fire and the ship's petroleum tanks were in danger of explosion. And there was that stormy night when the ship went bump—bump—across a reef, and her captain, as he tells us, cried to the Almighty in his distress.

Eight years previously he had taken part as mate in the Belgian Antarctic Expedition, in which for companions he had two Belgians, one Pole, one Roumanian, and one American—the unhappy Dr. F. A. Cook, the putting out of whose candle in obscure darkness in the far North is one of the tragedies of this century.

The *Fram*, by whose aid Amundsen has accomplished his

marvellous exploit, is the most wisely built ship ever designed to battle with Polar ice. It was in her that Nansen reached what was the Furthest North till Peary, after three-and-twenty years of quest and preparation reached the Pole itself.

The word "Fram" means "Forward," and it is an interesting thing to know that when the First Atlantic Cable ceased to speak on the 3rd September, 1858, the last word it said was that same word "forward"—at once a challenge, a command, a promise, and all from God. And "Forward," and "Follow Me," are still His words to us. There will be brave deeds, braver deeds than the finding of the Poles, for heroic souls till the end of time. For the world has to be won for Christ, and the man that conquers his own spirit, and the man that turns many to righteousness—he is the man that shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.

One cannot help being sorry for our own two countrymen, Sir Ernest Shackleton, who was compelled through want of provisions to turn back when he was only 111 miles from the Pole, and Captain Robert Scott, who even now may be on his way home with the tidings that he missed the prize by a few days or hours. But these men, like all brave men, will bear themselves nobly, rejoicing, like one of old, that Sparta has found a better man, and proud that he who passed them was one who followed in their steps and was guided on his way by the light that came from their lamps.

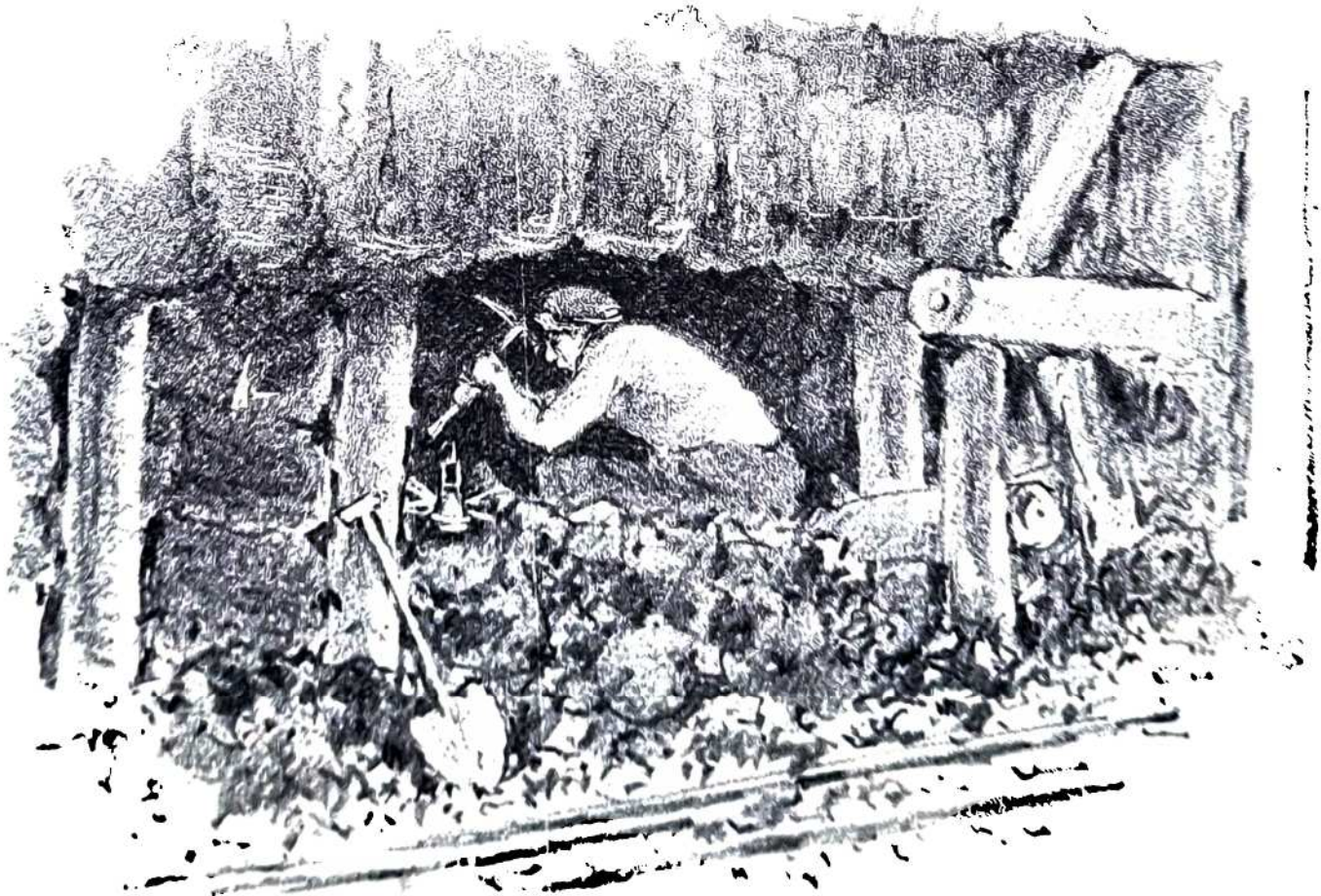


*The royal law, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. —James 2, 8.*

AT Communion times long ago many good people, when they began the work of "self-examination," used to read that part of the Larger Catechism which deals with "what is required" and "what is forbidden" in the Ten Commandments. They found it very helpful in the discovery of the plague of their heart. It made them see their sin and their need of pardon and grace. Some of you will be masters some day, and it will do you good when that day comes to read the answer to Question 130, "What are the sins of superiors?" "The sins of superiors are, beside the neglect of the duties required of them"—for a list of these you must read the Answer to Question 129—

"an inordinate seeking of themselves, their own glory, ease, profit, or pleasure; commanding things unlawful, or not in the power of inferiors to perform; counselling, encouraging, or favouring them in that which is evil; dissuading, discouraging, or discountenancing them in that which is good; correcting them unduly; careless exposing, or leaving them to wrong, temptation, and danger; provoking them to wrath; or any way dishonouring themselves, or lessening their authority, by an unjust, indiscreet, rigorous, or remiss behaviour."

All of us, meantime, are "inferiors," and here is a description of the honour that we as such owe to our superiors: "All due reverence in heart, word, and behaviour; prayer



and thanksgiving for them; imitation of their virtues and graces; willing obedience to their lawful commands and counsels; due submission to their corrections; fidelity to, defence, and maintenance of their persons and authority, according to their several ranks and the nature of their places; bearing with their infirmities, and covering them in love, that so we may be an honour to them and to their government."

If all masters and servants kept these things in mind, the day of strikes would pass away for ever.

Do any of you not know where to get the Larger Catechism? You will find it bound up with any old copy of the *Confession of Faith*.

And if any of you decline to be called "inferiors" to any man, then I have nothing more to say to you!

— • —

## A Story of Leap Year.

*Every one his day.—Job 1, 4.*

### CHAPTER I.

"EVERY 29th of February." These words were written on the card left one afternoon by a caller who had found the lady of the house "not at home." They meant, of course, that the person who had paid the visit would be prepared to receive a visit in return when that day came round. The lady who wrote them did so half in jest and half in anger. She had come a long way through wind and rain to find that what she thought the third Tuesday of the month was the fourth, and that her friend's day for

receiving callers was past a week.

She and her husband the Major were persons of good birth, and when they came to settle in that neighbourhood had been received with all due honour and respect. But they were cold and haughty in their manner, and after a time we began to feel as if two icebergs had stranded in our bay.

When a Member of Parliament moves that a Bill "be read this day six months," the phrase does not mean that day six months literally. It means *never*, or *not at all*. When, therefore, we heard what the Major's wife had written—and the news was not long in spreading—we jumped to the conclusion that, as the 29th of February was three years and five months off, she was in no great hurry to see any of us any more.

### CHAPTER 2.

So we took her, as we put it, "at her word." And as we had little of that charity which thinketh no evil and rejoiceth not in iniquity, all comings and goings between us ceased.

### CHAPTER 3.

And we were all miserable accordingly. It comforted us, however, to hear in various ways that she was miserable too and that she felt her isolation keenly. And then our hearts began to relent. But who was to give in first?

It was one of our merriest young women who discovered that there is no dishonour in being ready either to ask or to offer forgiveness, and when Leap Year came she proposed



that we should take the Major's wife at her word once more, and call on her when the 29th of little February came, and make it a day for the breaking down of the middle wall of partition that pride and folly had set up. Some refused, but most of us fell in with the plan at once.

#### CHAPTER 4.

The Major and his wife were poor, but they kept their grounds in perfect order. Finer turf and neater, smoother gravel paths there were not anywhere. But when that February day was done, you should have seen the sorry plight their avenue was in! For three days' thaw had followed five days' frost.

Unfortunately the Major and his wife, forgetting all about the 29th, had left by early steamer while it was yet dark to visit a friend at a distance, and were therefore not at home when the callers came. But the pageant went on all the same from 3.15 to 5.30. School children, too, on their way home, to whom the Major's grounds had been hitherto forbidden territory, crowded in and stood wondering on the lawn. Passers by, thinking it must be a displenishing sale that was going on, came in and roamed whither they would.

You may guess how the Major looked when he came home at six and saw his walks cut up by cab wheels and horses' feet, like a ploughed field. You may also guess what his wife said when her maids told her that seventy-three visitors had called, in the belief that it was her day for "receiving."

#### CHAPTER 5.

Neither of them closed an eye that night, and it was far on next day before the Major had the heart to go out and view the havoc that had been done. "It will be eighteen months before we get things put right," he said, "and by that time another Leap Year will be coming on. I think you should get new cards, and print on them, 'Every Fifth February 29th.' That will give us time to draw breath before the next visitation."

"No, my dear," she said, "my second jest must be a little kindlier than my first. I daresay I needed a lesson. It was I that was to blame at first; they took me at my word, and I have put myself entirely in the wrong. I think I shall put this on my cards: 'Every day *excepting* February 29.' That will show that we can *take* a joke as well as *make* a joke."

### Reasons for not going to Church. 14th Series.—No. 4.

*This woman is staying at home this Sabbath forenoon to make sure that her neighbours are not stealing coals out of her cellar, but as there are no coals in her cellar to steal, and she has already made sure that her neighbours have all gone to church, one cannot help suspecting —!*







1	M	We bless you in the Name of the Lord.— <i>Ps. 129, 8.</i>
2	TU	We asked them of their welfare.— <i>Gen. 43, 27.</i> “If Dr. Furnivall only said ‘Good day,’ I always realized that a wish for a good day had actually been given.”— <i>Lady Gomme.</i>
3	W	The sincerity of your love.— <i>2 Cor. 8, 8.</i>
4	TH	Beloved, I pray that in all thing thou mayest prosper.— <i>3 John 2. R.V.</i>
5	F	Salute one another with an holy kiss.— <i>Rom. 16, 16.</i>
6	S	Then said Jesus to them again, Peace be unto you.— <i>John 20, 21.</i>
<hr/>		
7	S	If thou call the Sabbath a delight, . . . not finding thine own pleasure.— <i>Is. 58, 13.</i> “I am in an agony very unbecoming of the Sabbath to know whether Harrow licked Eton yesterday at cricket.— <i>Marquess of Dalhousie.</i>
8	M	Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord.
9	TU	And I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth.
10	W	Many walk, who mind earthly things.
11	TH	For our citizenship is in heaven.— <i>Phil. 3, 18-20. R.V.</i>
12	F	To everything there is a season.— <i>Eccl. 3, 1.</i>
13	S	To-morrow is a solemn rest.— <i>Ex. 16, 23. R.V.</i>
<hr/>		
14	S	I muse on the works of Thy hands.— <i>Ps. 143, 5.</i>
15	M	Talk ye of all His wondrous works.— <i>Ps. 105, 2.</i>
16	TU	We testify that we have seen.— <i>John 3, 11.</i>
17	W	Teach thy sons the things which thine eyes have seen.— <i>Deut. 4, 9.</i>
18	TH	The recorder.— <i>2 Kings 18, 18.</i> “With the full knowledge that the time will come when others will follow in our footsteps and pass beyond them, I have written these pages for the future as well as for the present.”— <i>Captain Scott's Voyage of the Discovery.</i>
19	F	These things were written for our admonition.— <i>1 Cor. 10, 11.</i>
20	S	Your zeal hath stirred up very many.— <i>2 Cor. 9, 2.</i>
<hr/>		
21	S	Let the Lord rejoice in His works.— <i>Ps. 104, 31.</i>
22	M	God saw that it was good.— <i>Gen. 1, 10, 12, 18, 21, 25; very good, v. 31.</i>
23	TU	Give diligence to present thyself approved unto God.
24	W	A workman that needeth not to be ashamed.— <i>2 Tim. 2, 15, R.V.</i>
25	TH	Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us.
26	F	Establish Thou the work of our hands upon us.— <i>Ps. 90, 17.</i>
27	S	Their works follow with them.— <i>Rev. 14, 13, R.V.</i> “To say of your work, It will last my time, or, as it is far oftener said, It will do, or, It will pass, is to betray your high trust and to renounce the first duty that life lays upon you as a workman. The true workman grudges his work to decay.”— <i>Dr. John Kelman.</i>
<hr/>		
28	S	Now my days are swifter than a post; they flee away, they see no good.— <i>Joh 9, 25.</i> A third of the year almost gone!
29	M	If thou wilt walk in My ways, I will lengthen thy days.— <i>1 Kings 3, 14.</i>
30	T	The summer is now nigh. . . . The Kingdom of God is nigh.— <i>Luk. 21, 30. R.V.</i>

# The Morning Watch.

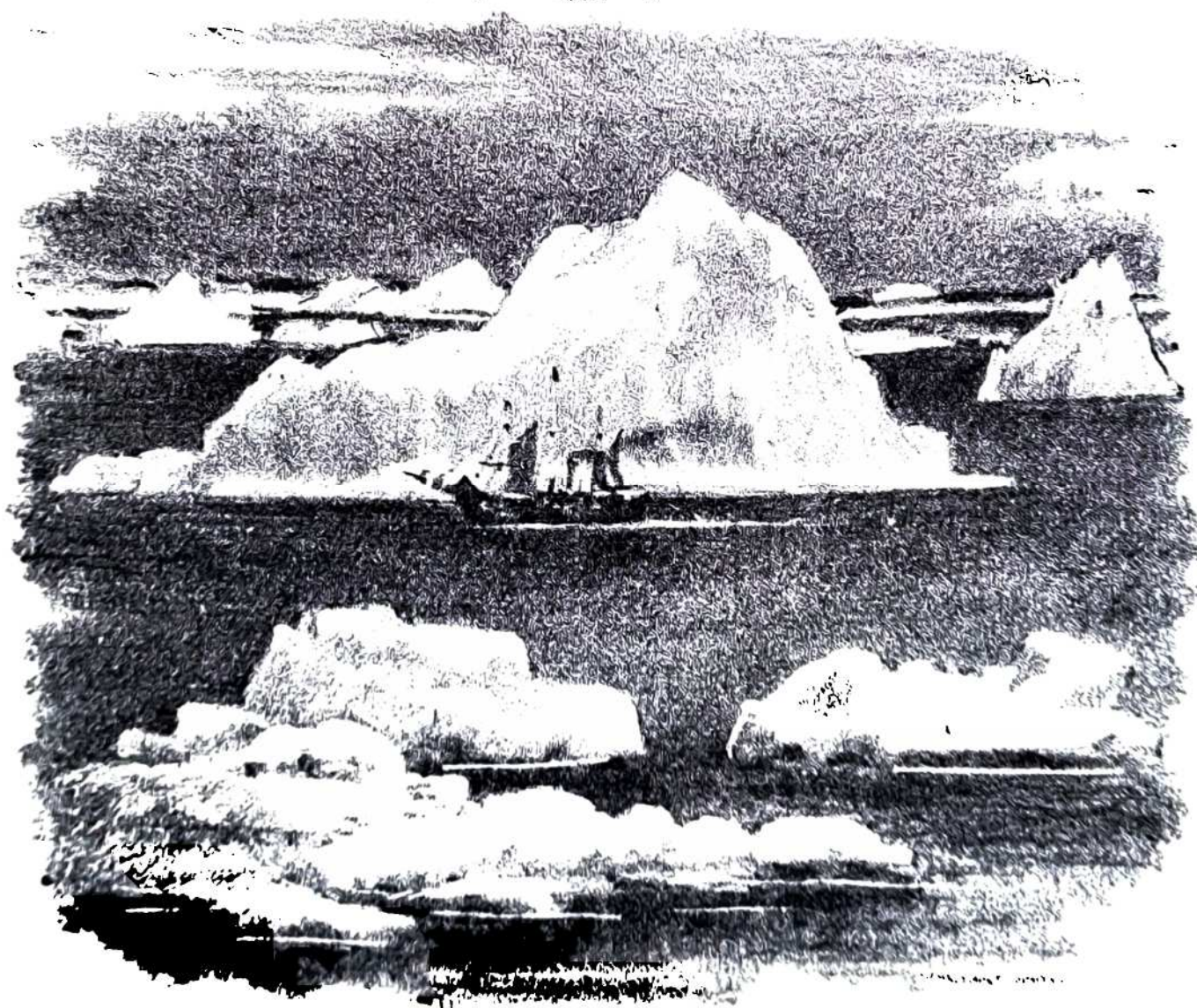
VOL. XXV.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 5.

Icebergs.

"Titanic" lost on 15<sup>th</sup>  
Apr. 1912.



*The part of the Iceberg under the water is nine times bigger  
than that above it.*



NOW READY.

## The Morning Watch Volume for 1911.

PRICE, ONE SHILLING.

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*Vols. XIV., XV., XVI., XVII., XVIII., XIX., XX., XXI., XXII., and XXIII., 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.*

*Greenock: James M'Keivie & Sons, Ltd.  
Edinburgh & Glasgow: John Menzies & Co., Ltd.  
London: The Sunday School Union, 57 & 59  
Ludgate Hill, E.C.*

*He gave to the sea His decree.*

—Prov. 8, 9

ON a September night, about a hundred and twenty years ago, the ship *Regent*, engaged in the Lighthouse service, lay in the Pentland Firth in a fog and a violent and windless swell. It was still dark, when her crew were alarmed by the sound of breakers, and an anchor was immediately let go. The peep of dawn discovered them swinging in desperate proximity to Swona, one of the Orkney Islands, and the surf bursting close under their stern.

There was in this place a hamlet of the inhabitants, fisher-folk and wreckers; their huts stood close about the head of the beach. All slept; the doors were closed, and there was no smoke, and the anxious watchers on board ship seemed to contemplate a village of the dead. Thinking it possible that the inhabitants might launch a boat and tow the *Regent* from her place of danger, the crew made a signal of

distress and fired a gun with a red-hot poker from the galley.

Its detonation awoke the sleepers. Door after door was opened, and in the grey light of the morning fisher after fisher was seen to come forth, yawning and stretching himself, nightcap on head. "Fisher after fisher, I wrote," continues Robert Louis Stevenson, for it is he who tells the story in his *Records of a Family of Engineers*, "and my pen tripped; for it should rather stand wrecker after wrecker. There was no emotion, no animation, it scarce seemed any interest; not a hand was raised; but all callously awaited the harvest of the sea, and their children stood by their side and waited also. To the end of his life my father remembered that amphitheatre of placid spectators on the beach; and with a special and natural animosity, the boys of his own age. But presently a light air sprang up, and filled the sails, and fainter, and filled them again; and little by little the *Regent* fetched way against the swell, and clawed off shore into the turbulent firth."

That ring of placid spectators, many of them boys, yawning and stretching themselves—is it not an awful sight? One should thank God that the days for wickedness like that are past.

By the loss of the *Titanic* the heart of the nation, if not of the whole world, has been moved as the trees of the wood are moved by the wind. It is an appalling sight, that mighty ship, the greatest in its own way of all the works of man since the world was created, on her maiden

voyage riven by the ice, sinking, sinking, in the darkness, on a Sabbath night, the water under her 2000 fathoms deep, with her multitude of people praying for the day, straining their eyes to catch the first gleam of the lights, and their ears to hear the first note of the horns, of the ships that at their summons are speeding, speeding, over the ocean to their aid, speeding alas! in vain.

We must all pray more than we have ever done for those in peril on the sea. and not least for ship

captains, the burden upon whose minds and hearts at times must be almost too great for mortal man to bear.

And would it not be well for us, especially after the disasters of these last few weeks, to cease from singing any more—"Britannia rules the waves"? It may, of course, be possible to sing those words humbly, reverently, becomingly, but we have not always done so, and it never will be an easy thing to do.

The sea is His.

## Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 41.)

50th  
Birth-  
day.

Sir John Fowler, Bart., K.C.M.G., the engineer who built the Forth Bridge, after writing to his father to tell him about the estate he had bought in Ross-shire, adds : "You will see by the date of this letter, July 15th, 1867, that it is written on my birthday, and that on this day I am fifty years old. To you this will almost appear the age of youth, but to me it appears the commencement of old age. I scarcely know why, but age seems to have stolen upon me unawares, and taken me by a curious surprise. I sometimes think it is because for many years my life was so fully occupied with daily work that I had no time for retrospective and prospective thought, but probably it is the case with all.

"For any measure of worldly success I may have had I have to thank you, my dear father, for the early care you took of my education, and the choice of my career, and the examples you have always presented to me and to your children of truthfulness and strict integrity."

"On 27th Oct., 1909, we were marching hard, and I had no chance of sport. I would have enjoyed a hunt, because it was my birthday. The year before I had celebrated my fiftieth birthday by riding my jumping-horse, Roswell, over all the jumps in Rock Creek Park at Washington. Roswell is a safe and good jumper, and a very easy horse to sit at a jump; he took me, without hesitation or error, over everything, from the water-jump to the stone wall, the rails, and the bank, including a brush hurdle just over five feet and a half high."—*Roosevelt's African Game Trails.*



- 51st Birth-day. The Rev. C. L. Dodgson, better known as Lewis Carroll, who wrote *Alice in Wonderland*, wrote on his birthday, Jan. 27, 1883 : " I cannot say I feel much older at 51 than at 21 ! "
- On Dec. 29, 1860, Mr. Gladstone wrote : " Began my 52nd year. I cannot believe it. I feel within me the rebellious unspoken word. I will not be old. The horizon enlarges, the sky shifts around me. "
- 52nd Shakespeare died on his 52nd birthday ; and on that very day, 23rd April, 1616, as Carlyle has noticed, Oliver Cromwell entered as a student at Cambridge, one of the greatest chapters of English history beginning as another closed.
- " David's mother has said, I learn, that I shall not think so much of her when she is fifty-two, meaning that she will not be so pretty then. So little does the sex know of beauty. Surely a spirited old lady may be the prettiest sight in the world. . . . I cannot see a likely young creature without impatiently considering her chances for, say, fifty-two. O you mysterious girls, when you are fifty-two we shall find you out ; you must come into the open then. If the mouth has fallen sourly yours the blame : all the meannesses your mouth concealed have been gathering in your face. But the pretty thoughts and sweet ways and dear, forgotten kindnesses linger there also, to bloom in your twilight like evening primroses. "—*The Little White Bird*.
- 53rd On his 53rd birthday, 6th August, 1557, Matthew Parker wrote in his Diary : " I persist in the same constancy, upholden by the grace and goodness of my Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, by whose inspiration I have finished the *Book of Psalms* turned into vulgar verse. " (Vulgar here means in the language of the people.) Parker was the second Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, Thomas Cranmer, who was burnt at the stake in 1556, being the first. Parker was a great collector of books and manuscripts. He has left his mark, for both good and evil, on the doctrine and worship of the Church of England to this day.
- " March 26, 1872.—My 53rd birthday. Time passes rapidly, and how old one is getting ! But, I am thankful, friends and relatives are most kind and affectionate, and have evinced their feelings in this sense to-day. "—*Diary of the Duke of Cambridge*.
- " December 3, 1874.—My birthday. Ah, me ! how old one gets, and here am I, at the head of things, all but one, and to be a Peer. "—*Diary of Sir John Duke Coleridge, afterwards Lord Chief Justice of England*.
- " I find 53 to be a very youthful period of existence. I have been better physically, and worked harder mentally, this last twelvemonth than in any year of my life. So a mere boy like you, not yet 40, may look to the future hopefully. "—*Professor Huxley, writing to Dr. Dohrn, in 1879*.

54th  
Birth-  
day.

As his birthday, 31st May, 1892, drew near, Henry Sidgwick, a distinguished Cambridge scholar, wrote : " I feel that at the age I have reached—close on fifty-four—my chief demand on the world is Time. I have as much as I strongly desire of money, reputation, friends ; but time—no. When I think of the little that probably remains, the much that I have wasted, the much that I need for my work—I put the pen down."

During most of his adult life, his wife tells us, he had some Bible text—a different one at different periods—which ran in his head, representing the keynote, so to speak, of his thought about his own life. From 1875 to 1890, for example, the text was : " But this one thing I do, forgetting those things that are behind, and stretching forth unto those that are before, I press towards the mark." From 1890 till his death in 1900, his text was : " Gather up the fragments that are left, that nothing be lost."

## A Story of the Coal Strike Time.

*Withhold not correction from the child :  
For if thou beatest him with the rod, he  
shall not die.*

*Thou shalt beat him with the rod,  
And shalt deliver his soul from hell.*  
—Prov. 23, 13.

### CHAPTER I.

WHEN Mrs. Archerton heard that the little foundry in our village had had to close its gate through want of coal, and that her sister's three lodgers had all gone off to stay with their friends till the great Strike should end, she asked Mrs. Alden—that was her sister's name—to pay her her long-promised visit, and of course to bring her son Harry with her. Mrs. Alden was only too pleased to come, and before five minutes were gone had called together her friends and neighbours to rejoice with her. To spend a week, perhaps a whole fortnight, in Glasgow, where the grand shops and, above all, the waxworks were—that was a prospect indeed. And her sister Jean would see Harry, "and if that doesn't make Jean a

proud and happy woman, she must be ill to please." That Harry would make things lively for her, the neighbours were all agreed ; and that the visit would do Harry himself good, they all hoped—that is, if saying one hopes is the same as hoping. " Would do Harry himself good " was certainly a noble form of words, but I question if Mrs. Alden and the neighbours would not have put opposite interpretations on it. The boy had some good points, but his father had been an unusually combative Englishman, and Harry had fallen sole heir and executor to his pugnacity and restlessness and self-conceit. There would now be a chance of peace in the neighbourhood for perhaps ten days, and Harry possibly might meet his match while on his travels, and come back a sadder and a wiser boy.

### CHAPTER 2.

Harry's training began sooner than any of them expected. In the railway carriage on his way to Glasgow, after he had broken the spring of







one of the window blinds, he proceeded to disfigure its walls and roof by scribbling his name and the name of his favourite football team here and there and everywhere. His mother, of course, told him two or three times, with fearful threats, that he was not to do that, but he had long ago learnt that his mother did not necessarily mean all she said. Indeed he had found that out, and been strangely puzzled by it, before he was eight weeks old. It is almost the first thing, alas! that many children learn. Harry next proceeded to score out some letters and alter others, so as to make the words read nonsense, in the various "Notices to Passengers." His mother thought it the cleverest thing she had ever seen, and marvelled at the apparently rising feeling of annoyance and anger shown by the only other person in the carriage with them. This was a Commercial Traveller, to whom a brother Commercial had done a mean trick that morning—a rare thing on "the road." Further, he had just read in the newspapers of a bad failure that hit him and his principals hard, so that he was in a fine temper, or, as he afterwards and quite rightly put it, "in a state of righteous indignation." There were some other things which he impatiently endured, but when Harry took out a knife, which is the sign that one has become a man, just as a gold watch and albert are infallible proofs that a man has become a gentleman, as many persons seem to think, and then proceeded to cut the window-strap, the Com-

mercial told him he had done enough mischief for one morning, and pulled him back. But when the boy, having made for the other window, proceeded to cut its strap, too, the Commercial could stand no more, and took the knife from him, and having cut his hand in the process and so increased his righteous indignation, shut the knife and dropped it out of the window. Whereupon Hurry struck him in the face, and then, the Angels being merciful to the boy, the stranger pinned him by the arms, and said to the mother who was weeping—she thought it was her boy's hand that had been cut—"Will you thrash him, madam? or shall I?" "Harry has never had a hand laid on him in his life." was her answer. "Then it's time he had," was the reply, "and as Harry as you call him has himself altered NOTICE to NO ICE TO PASSENGERS, I'll make it *hot* for him, and if either of you says a word, I'll hand him over to the Station-master at the first stoppage, and that may mean a five-pound fine. That's a Notice over your head that is fortunately still readable!"

### CHAPTER 3.

Harry had other adventures with somewhat similar results the next two days—for the Angels still stuck to him—but on the third day his spirits began to rise again, and having heard his mother, while he lay in bed, tell his aunt how cleverly he had altered the letters on his journey, bethought him of some allied form of activity. Roaming about the property, with a screw-



driver in his hand which he had found in a drawer, he discovered that the enamelled numbers on the nine coal-cellar doors were easily removable, and forthwith proceeded "with the remover to remove" and interchange them, so that No. 6 became No. 9, and 9 became 5, and 5 became 3, and so on and so on. But he didn't tell his mother or his aunt, thanks, still as aforetime, to the Angels, who knew that he needed another lesson.

#### CHAPTER 4.

The Monday after was the Spring holiday, and most of the neighbours went a-tripping. Mrs. Archerton's supply of coals in the house had been reduced to the last shovelful, and as her back was weak and she lived three stairs up, she was not able to go down to her cellar to fetch more. But her sister and Harry agreed to attend to that, Harry being moved thereto chiefly, though not altogether, by the promise of a three-bladed knife he had ferreted out of a desk. His aunt was loth to part with it, but as her sister and nephew kept turning the conversation towards it at all hours, there was nothing left for her to do but to offer to give him it.

"My cellar is No. 3, and there are scarcely two cwts. in it, about enough to fill my bunker."

So to No. 3 they went, and fetched and carried till they had cleared it and filled not only the bunker but the scuttle and several pails; not to speak of three big lumps which they put inside the bedroom fender.

Mrs. Archerton was as much surprised as she was delighted. "I didn't think I had so many. That's nearer 4 cwts. than 2, unless I'm much mistaken," and so saying gave Harry the knife, and twopence in addition. Within five minutes he had bought what he called a policeman's whistle.

#### CHAPTER 5.

Next morning as he was loitering in the back court where the cellars were, he presently heard a hue and cry from the woman who lived, as we say in Scotland, "in the close."

"Run for the police, Harry Alden! somebody has stolen all my coals, and I got in five bags only two weeks ago when they were one-and-two-pence, and now they are two-and-ninepence. Run." So Harry ran, and blew with his whistle, till not only one but two policemen came. For

The sinners' hands do make the snares  
Wherewith themselves are caught.

#### CHAPTER 6.

You can easily guess the rest. The policemen telephoned for a detective, and up a detective came with his note-book, and his pencil which he diligently wetted with his mouth, and found a clue—to wit, "the numbers had previously been changed, so that there was evidence of a remarkably clever deep-laid scheme;" and then poor Harry when he saw the "snitchers"—the bracelet that is put round a prisoner's wrist—confessed with many tears what he had done. Next came





some one of higher rank, who, having interviewed Mrs. Alden and Mrs. Archerton and frightened both of them beyond measure, said, with much shaking of his head, that though the circumstances were suspicious, very suspicious, he would meantime recommend to the Procurator-Fiscal to give them the benefit of the doubt. Only, Mrs. Alden must leave her name and address, and be ready to appear if called upon. Next day Harry and his mother transferred, first, the one-and-a-half cwt. from No. 3 cellar proper to the cellar they had robbed—"and poor trash the coals were," their new owner said; and then, secondly, they carried down over two-and-a-half cwts. from Mrs. Archerton's scuttle and bunker, and the three big lumps inside the bedroom fender—carried them down the long, long stairs, up which they had so laboriously carried them. Then the stairs had to be swept and

washed, while the neighbours whispered ominously, and agreed that it was a very likely story.

#### CHAPTER 7.

The Aldens are home again, but everybody says there's a change in them. And no wonder. Mrs. Alden is terrified every time there's a knock at the door, and Harry has lost his old aggressiveness, and looks pensive at times, especially when the other boys ask to see his knife and plague him with questions as to what he got it for.

And as for Mrs. Archerton, all she ever says is "that these miners have a lot to answer for, them and their strikes!" I think she would flit if she could get her house sublet, but whether she sits or flits, to the end of her days people will tell the story about how she once stole a poor neighbour's coals, "but they let her off because they couldn't prove it on her."

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### Reasons for not going to Church. 14th Series.—No. 5.

*Three little girls who sit behind that lady—the trimming of whose hat is by no means to be approved—were kept at home on Sabbath all winter by their mother, because she was sure the bird's fierce beak and the black fox's glaring eyes would keep them from sleeping at nights, so timid and nervous are they. Oddly enough the children greatly enjoyed the sight of both bird and beast, and there are some evil-hearted people who go so far as to say, that what keeps the mother away is not concern for her children's nerves, but annoyance at seeing her own new fur stole eclipsed. (I fully believe there are those who will say there is no truth in this story!)*

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1	W	Look now toward heaven.— <i>Gen. 15, 5.</i> "Let me see the sky"—(the last words of Samuel Sebastian Wesley, composer and organist, 1810-1876.
2	TH	God rideth upon the heaven for thy help.— <i>Deut. 33, 26, R.V.</i>
3	F	Behold, I see the heavens opened.— <i>Acts 7, 56.</i>
4	S	And the Son of man standing on the right hand of God.
5	S	The number of God's years is unsearchable.— <i>Job 36, 26.</i>
6	M	Lord, make me to know mine end.— <i>Psa. 39, 4.</i>
7	TU	Behold, the days approach that thou must die.— <i>Deut. 31, 14.</i>
8	W	Doth not He count all my steps?— <i>Job 31, 4.</i>
9	TH	Every day will I bless Thee.— <i>Psa. 145, 2.</i>
10	F	A settled provision for the singers, as every day required,— <i>Nehem. 11, 23.</i> "At Beverley, Yorkshire, they have a curious custom of ringing the Minster Bell from a tower every evening at 7—a short peal for every day there is past of the current month."— <i>F. G. Stephen, in "Letters to W. Allingham."</i>
11	S	It is a good thing to shew forth Thy faithfulness every night.— <i>Psa. 92, 2.</i>
12	M	If God be for us, who can be against us?— <i>Rom. 8, 31.</i>
13	M	If the Syrians be too strong for me, then thou shalt help me:
14	TU	But if the Ammonites be too strong for thee, then I will help thee.— <i>2 Sam. 10, 11.</i> "Every time you tackle a concrete problem of war you will find IF and BUT playing an enormous part. It is the ifs and the buts which constitute the dilemma of the commander-in-chief; but they also, when solved or overcome, are his title to honour."— <i>Admiral Mahan's Naval Strategy.</i>
15	W	If I shall find favour in His eyes, the Lord will bring me again:
16	TH	But if He thus say, I have no delight in thee, let Him do to me as seemeth good unto Him.— <i>2 Sam. 15, 25.</i>
17	F	If it be so, our God is able to deliver us.
18	S	But if not, O king, we will not serve thy gods.— <i>Dan. 3, 17.</i>
19	S	They confessed that they were pilgrims on the earth.— <i>Heb. 11, 13.</i>
20	M	Neither shall his place know him any more.— <i>Job 7, 10.</i>
21	T	I go hence.— <i>Psalms 39, 13.</i> "'That's a change indeed'; so said my mother, when my father, drawing to his last days, replied to her mention of Dalhousie Castle, 'Dalhousie Castle? Where's Dalhousie Castle?'"— <i>Marquess of Dalhousie's Letters.</i>
22	W	For here have we no continuing city.— <i>Heb. 13, 14.</i>
23	TH	Thou changest his countenance, and sendest him away.— <i>Job 14, 20.</i>
24	F	Man goeth to his long home.— <i>Eccles. 11, 5.</i>
25	S	A house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens.— <i>2 Cor. 5, 1.</i>
26	S	I have set my affection to the house of my God.— <i>1 Chr. 29, 3.</i>
27	M	I tell thee, that the Lord will build thee an house.— <i>1 Chr. 17, 10.</i>
28	TU	Term day in Scotland. Thou tellest my flittings.— <i>Psalms 56, 8.</i> Miles Coverdale's Version, the one read daily in the Church of England.
29	W	Thou has made the Most High thy habitation.— <i>Psalms 91, 9.</i>
30	TH	Abram pitched his tent, and there he builded an altar.— <i>Gen. 12, 8.</i>
31	F	The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tents of the righteous.— <i>Psalms 118, 15. R.V.</i>

June, 1912.

One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXV.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

No. 6.





NOW READY.

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*And the sea gave up the dead  
which were in it.—Rev.  
20, 13.*

IF it be true that the bodies of the dead are in God's keeping, and we know they are, it is surely specially true of those who are lying in the deep. God Himself has buried them, though no man knoweth of their sepulchre.

We know that the sea will give up its dead in the resurrection at the last day. But the sea sometimes gives them up even now, and that in many ways. There is something very awful, for example, in the way in which men and women, alike the living and the dead, known only previously, like us all, to the circle of their acquaintance and their friends, are standing at the judgment bar before the whole world in the *Titanic Inquiry*. There has been a "fall and a rising again of many in Israel," and the thoughts of many hearts, their words, their looks, their deeds, and all the things that show us how they bore themselves that night, have been revealed.

In the "Morning Watch" for October, 1908, I told you the story of the death at sea of a little child three-and-a-half years old. It was the ship *Niobe*, eight days homeward bound from Java, and a lovely evening in October. His father, the Captain, was going to "take an observation," and called the little boy to "come and see the sun again." There were two ways to the stair that led to the poop. The child took one way, his mother the other. She thought he was coming after her, but the next moment a cry was heard. The child was overboard! On his way to the stair he had caught hold of a rope that was hanging from a sail, a puff of wind had come, and the sudden tightening of the rope had jerked him into the sea. Everything that courage and skill could do was done to find the little one whom the Breath of the Lord had literally taken up. They sought him, but found him not.

The child had been amusing himself that afternoon with some shells and pieces of coral, red and white, that the sailors had gathered for him on the shore at different ports in Java. He was washing them in fresh water, "making a mess of the deck," his father had playfully said. "No, I'se working."

The shells and the pieces of coral were taken up, just as he left them, and put by his mother into a wicker basket.

A short time ago the basket was opened for the first time, and there, in the second layer, was found a

large bright yellow sponge firmly attached to one of the largest pieces of coral !

It is with a little piece of that sponge that the leaves of the *Aspidistra* plants in our church corridor are cleaned and refreshed every week, so that little Peter Carmichael Ralston, after twenty years, has still a place and a name in God's house and within His walls.

I suppose you know, or to be more accurate, most of you don't know, that a sponge is not a plant

but an animal. It is one of the lowest and humblest of the living creatures God has made for the use of man, and it was one of them that was the last thing on earth to kiss the lips of the dying Son of God. "After this Jesus saith, I thirst. There was set there a vessel full of vinegar : so they put a sponge full of the vinegar upon hyssop, and brought it to His mouth. When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, He said, It is finished : and He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost."

## Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 53.)

53rd  
Birth-  
day.

"January 25, 1878.—My birthday : I can only say Psalm 103. The climax of all is His acceptance of my beloved eldest son for His Missionary work—work which lies nearest and dearest to the Saviour's heart, and which, though He did not allow my father or me to do, He has now called Edward to undertake. To Him be all praise."—*Diary of Dr. E. H. Bickersteth, Bishop of Exeter, 1885-1900, author of the hymn, "Peace, Perfect Peace."*

54th

Dr. Merivale, Dean of Ely, wrote thus to his mother on March 8, 1862 : "Is it possible that I am only fifty-four? Every one tells me that I look some years older, and perhaps I feel older too. When I compare myself with Herman (his brother), I sometimes think that I must have been wickedly defrauded of my inheritance, and that I am really the eldest son. However, though very grey, I am as well as can be wished, and have got through this winter without cold or rheumatism."

He wrote a History of the Romans under the Empire, and hoped to have written the last page of it on this birthday, that he might not have to say, as the German poet Schiller had said on his own twenty-fourth birthday eighty years before—"Vier und fünfzig Jahre und für Unsterblichkeit ist nichts gethan," *Four and-fifty years and for Immortality is nothing done.*

He died in 1893. Towards the end of his life he often read parts of his own *History*, which he declared he had quite forgotten and found very interesting !



54th  
Birth-  
day.

On his last birthday, April 12th, 1864, the Rev. Thomas Collins, a Wesleyan Methodist minister, wrote thus: "My fifty-fourth birthday. Home seems lonely without my accustomed mate." (His wife had died three weeks before). "I find, however, sweet solace in thought of heaven, and efforts to do good. How full of mercy has been my life! How graciously the Lord has dealt with me! I determined, henceforth, through my brief remaining day, to get and to keep nearer Him." To the friend whom he wished to preach his funeral sermon he said, "But, mark, your text must be the case of the penitent thief." "But, sir, that will be thought most inappropriate." "Why so? That Scripture I am sure suits me: *for it sets forth man's lowest and God's highest.*"

On his fifty-fourth birthday, 1 Oct., 1868, at Balmoral, where he was minister in attendance on Queen Victoria, Mr Gathorne Hardy, afterwards Earl of Cranbrook, wrote thus in his Diary:—"It is not often that a birthday comes round without a word from wife or child, but I know they were anxious to greet me with loving wishes, and it is not their fault if they have failed. Nothing but blessings to recount in the past year. Looking forward, in private life I see nothing but happiness in my home, but must expect clouds. In politics I see darkly."

55th

On his 55th birthday Shirley Brooks, 1816-1874, Editor of *Punch*, wrote in his Diary: (In red ink) "My birthday. I have much to be thankful for, and I trust that I am so. Heard from Rego (his son Reginald) who had remembered the day and sent me a clever imitation of the first ode of Horace. For one who can do this, and who *thinks* to do it, I have no great fear, whether I live to help him, or do not. D. G. (=Deo Gratias=To God [I give] thanks)." (In black ink) "Talk with my wife. She says we have no troubles, except an occasional touch of our own tempers, and everything to be glad of, especially two good boys. Have not spent a pleasanter birthday, in a quiet, working, unexcited way, for many a year. D.G." Rego's was unhappily a wasted life. His father died before him.

Do you know the story of "Jamie's Home-Coming" in *A Window in Thrums*? and do you remember what he said to Mrs. Patullo, the woman who occupied the little cottage that he himself had been brought up in, the house in which the father and mother and sister whom he had forgotten in his days of sin in London had all died? "'It wasna for me to judge 'im, an' I said to 'im would he no come in by an' tak a rest.' But he wouldna come in. 'Rest,' he said, like ane speakin' to 'imself, 'na, there's nae mair rest for me.' . . . But he raised his heid when he heard me tellin' my twa year auld bairn no to tear my wrapper. 'Dinna set your heart ower muckle on that bairn,' he cried oot, sharp like. 'I was aince like her, an' I used to hing about my mother, too, in that very roady. Ay, I thocht I was fond o' her, an' she thocht it too. *Tak' a care, woman, that that bairn doesna grow up to murder ye.*'"





In June



*For I ought to have been commended of you.—2 Cor. 12, 11.*

ONE evening some years ago I came across an old man working in his garden. He looked annoyed, and little wonder. A young apple tree that he had tended for five years had blossomed for the first time a few days before, and some boys had not only stolen all the "flourish" but had broken several of the strongest shoots. And he had been hoping to have one apple apiece for the grand-children that were to visit him in autumn!

"It's strange," he said, "how much trouble folks have with their gardens, and have always had!" And I could see, as he stood up and straightened himself for a little, that he had been caught away back to Paradise, the Paradise that was lost. "Ay," he said, "it's true: 'cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life.'" There's a terrible lot of happiness about a garden, but there's a lot of trouble too.

"I mind," he added after a little, "the day I did my first real bit of garden work, and I have never forgotten the sore heart I had at the end of it. Like the rest of our neighbours we had a strip of ground about, say, 30 yards long and 12 or 13 broad, and my father was to begin his delving for the season one Saturday after he came home from

his work at 2 o'clock. Men worked 60 hours a week in these days, and the conscientious ones amongst them often threw ten or fifteen minutes in extra at night if there was anything particular about the piece of work they were at when half-past six came, though they neither expected nor got thanks from their masters.

"I would be between eight and nine years old at the time, and some one had given me a spade—not the little wooden kind of thing that you see children digging with in the sand, but a real genuine one—not a big one, of course, but one with an iron blade and a sharp edge. Saturday was the one day in the week that we got a fine long play on, provided our 'counts' and parsing for Monday were done and any messages our mother needed gone for. After 10 o'clock, when breakfast and family worship were over and my father had gone off to his work, two or three boys that I knew came to the door to ask if Jamie—that was me—was coming out to play. To my astonishment and sorrow my mother said, 'Not just now.' I put no questions to her, of course, but after a little she said, 'Now that you have got a fine spade, I think it would be nice if you did a little bit of delving this forenoon, and you could get out to play afterwards. It would help your father, for he is very tired on Saturdays, and I am



sure it would please him. Old Mr. Stevens is beginning his delving, I see, and you should just copy him, and come in when you have done five or six rows.'

"So out I went, and as Mr Stevens' garden lay ahead of ours to the south, and he had his back to me, it was easy for me to see all he did. He was a very particular old man, retired from work, and about the neatest and tidiest man there ever was. I never saw him speak to anybody, and he certainly didn't speak to me that day. But I watched him and copied him all the same. When he delved I delved. When he scraped his boots on his spade I scraped mine. When he mopped his brow with his buff and blue silk handkerchief, I mopped mine with my little red cotton one. If he stood and looked along his line I stood and looked along mine; or if he halted for a little with his arms like this—I think they call it a-kimbo, though I have always thought that a very funny word—I did the same. I heard years afterwards that several of the neighbours stood at their windows that day watching me and laughing. Of course I couldn't keep up with Mr. Stevens, for there's a great difference between a big spade and a little one, and a bigger difference between a grown man and a boy. But I did my best and got so keen in my work, that I held on till two, when my mother opened the window and called me in, just in time to wash and be ready for dinner.

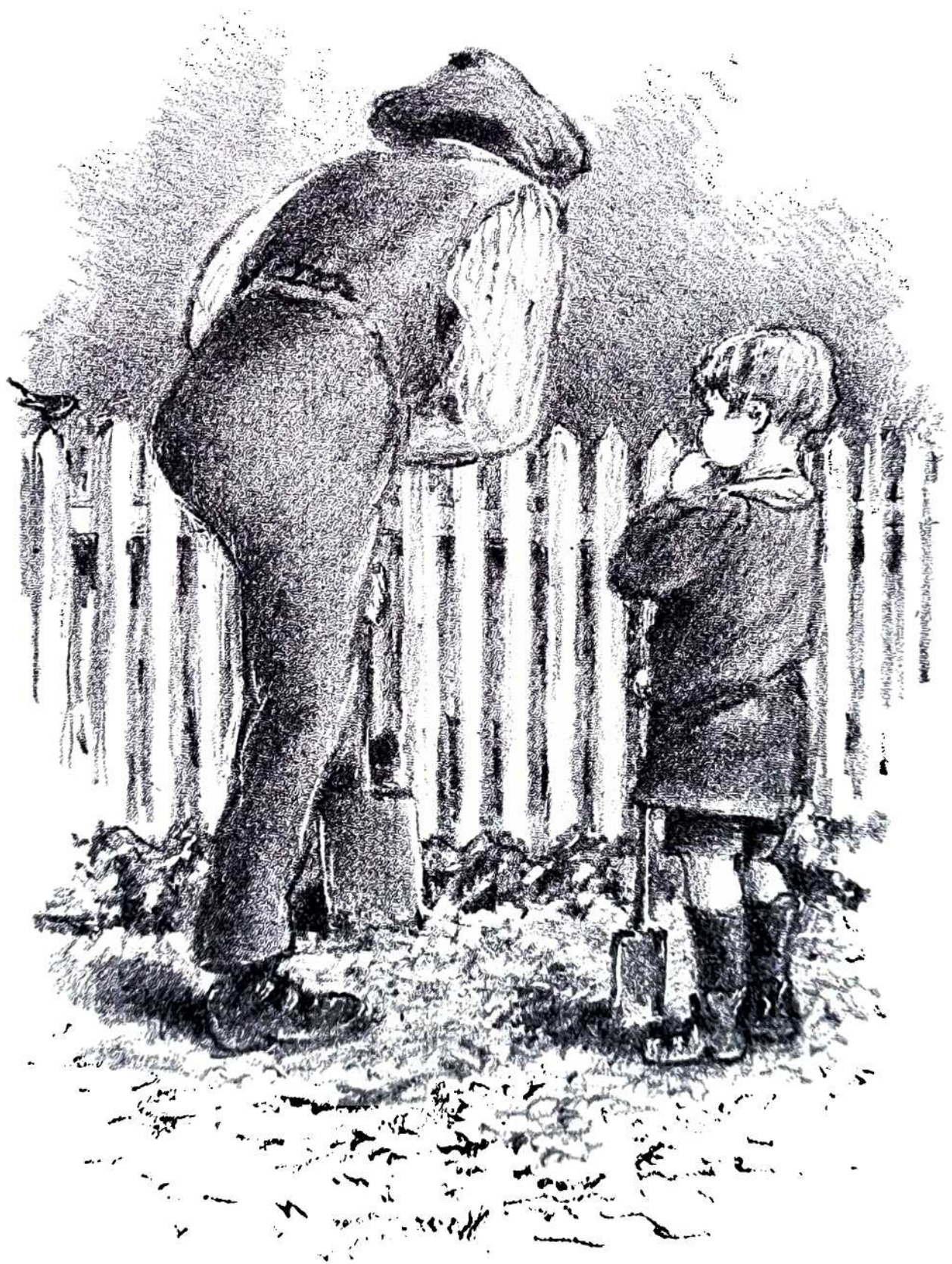
"Of course neither my mother nor I told my father what I had

been doing, but when he took his spade out of the cellar and went out to the garden about three, I went with him. I can't remember now how much I had delved, but I thought it looked well, and I watched his face to catch the look of astonishment and delight that would come over it the moment he saw what and how much and how well I had done, and I was already blushing all over at the thought of what he was sure to say.

"But when I saw him walk down our plot and trample through the bit I had done and begin to delve at the very beginning without saying one single word or giving even a look of any kind, it was all I could do to keep from crying. I have never forgotten the disappointment I felt.

"I never knew why he said nothing, but I know now, and have known ever since I grew up, that fathers and mothers have often things to try them that they do not tell their children because they do not want to grieve them, and cannot tell them because their children could not understand them. By delving without first asking his permission I may have spoilt some plan he had set his mind on, or perhaps he was not well, or had heard bad news about short time or smaller wages; I never knew. He said neither good nor bad either then or afterwards. But though, as I stood and watched him delving deep and delving neatly where I had dug shallow and untidily, all conceit in my work soon disappeared, I still thought he might and should





have said one little word of commendation. It may be that his heart was too full to speak, and that he was really blessing God for making his little boy so ready to give up four hours of play for four hours of work. But one word of praise would have been so sweet! It is not for me to judge him, but rather to condemn myself for sinning the same way to others and for forgetting the lesson I should have learnt that day."

The best fathers on earth sometimes provoke their children to wrath, and sometimes to needless sorrow. They blame us, and punish us, now and again unjustly or too severely, or they withhold the word of commendation that is due. But it is never so with God. Our Father in heaven not only knows our frame, and how weak and frail we are, but He understands our thought afar off, and where men see only the blunder we have made, He sees the love, and nothing but the love, that lay at the bottom of our mistake, and all that may have been amiss in what we did He turns to good and makes it to fulfil some high and new and unexpected purpose. For as Jesus sat at meat, there came a woman having an alabaster box of ointment of spikenard, very precious; and she brake the box and poured it on His head. And there were some that had indignation within themselves, and said, Why was this waste of the ointment made? And they murmured against her. And Jesus said, Let her alone; why trouble ye her? She hath wrought a good work on Me. She hath done what she

could. That is to say, as a great living scholar and divine has put it, "Jesus justified her, not by reducing her act to smaller proportions, but by revealing it in all its depth and height, and showing that it was greater than she herself knew." She hath done what she could; she is come aforehand to anoint My body to the burying. Verily I say unto you, Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her.

God likes to say "Well done!"

— • —

*Trust in the Lord with all thine heart;  
and lean not unto thine own understanding.  
In all thy ways acknowledge Him,  
and He shall direct thy paths.—  
Prov. 3, 5.*

THE Marquess of Dalhousie, one of the greatest of the Viceroys of India, writing from Government House, Calcutta, July 11th, 1854, near the close of his term of office, to Sir George Couper, Bart., says, in a letter lately published: "You say that I have cause for thankfulness that the blessing has rested on my administration. Most true; and I am deeply—devoutly thankful. It is my belief that the blessing has so rested for four reasons:

1st. Because I have never undertaken anything which in my soul I did not honestly believe to be right.

2nd. Because, when I had once resolved upon it, I fought with all my human might and main to accomplish it.

3rd. Because I always wished,



and I believe I seldom failed, to ask God's blessing on the fight.

And 4th. Because I have never failed, publicly and privately, to give Him the glory when all was done. I know very well that I am no better than my neighbours—worse than many of them—and good for nothing at all in His pure sight; but He has said, 'Ask and ye shall receive,' and having done so through my public life, in which, with no extraordinary abilities, I have gained as much reputation and honour as most men at 42, I feel implicit faith in that Refuge, and feel no wish to

escape from India 'lest something should go very wrong' and mar the fairness of the past. I don't want to stay in India, but I don't want to get away, from any such fear as that."

"By Me kings reign, and princes decree justice. By Me"—that is, by the Son of God, the Wisdom of God, for it is He Who speaks in that wonderful eighth chapter of Proverbs—"by Me princes rule, and nobles, even all the judges of the earth. I love them that love Me; and those that seek Me early shall find Me."

## Reasons for not going to Church. 14th Series.—No. 6.

*Some time ago Mrs. Westerton showed the minister's wife her jam cupboard, and told her she had still 12 kinds of last year's making left, that she had just made a quantity of marmalade from a new receipt, and had got 8 pots from a friend who always made it very good. "And where this year's making is to go I can't think, unless my husband puts up some new shelves somewhere, only they would need to be extra strong."*

*Unfortunately—perhaps one should say most fortunately—the minister preached the Sabbath after on the parable of the Rich Fool, Luke 12, 16—20. On the Monday, Mrs. Westerton charged his wife with having told her husband what she had said, and when she replied that she had not done so, answered, "Don't tell me that! He used my very words in the pulpit, 'What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits?'" And when the minister's wife answered that she had never mentioned the jam, and, seeing she was not believed, added, without thinking, "So far from speaking about your jam, I assure you I never even said I had been calling at your house," Mrs. Westerton replied, "Then that settles the matter. If our family are so little thought of as that, we will easily find another church where there is faithful preaching and neither back-biting nor fault-finding."*







- 1 S Let your nay be nay.—*Jas. 5, 12.* “Amongst our visitors was a spoilt child aged barely 3. When he had been alone with us a few days, I said, ‘Now, Jack, you have been the best boy possible. Why can’t you be like this always?’ ‘Oh, well,’ he said, ‘you told me if I was not good you would send me out of the drawing-room, and I knew you would do it. Mamma says she will do it, and I know she *won’t!*’”—*Mrs. Story’s Early Reminiscences.*
- 
- 2 S O my Strength, haste Thee to help me.—*Ps. 22, 29.*  
 3 M How say ye to my soul, Flee?—*Ps. 11, 1.* “A fleet is half-beaten already when it goes into battle with one eye upon something else than fighting.”—*Admiral Mahan.*  
 4 TU And I said, Should such a man as I flee?—*Neh. 6, 11, 14.*  
 5 W My God, think upon those that would have put me in fear.  
 6 TH The Spirit of the Lord clothed Itself with Gideon.—*Judg. 6, 34, R. V. (Margin.)*  
 7 F Thine enemies shall flee before thee seven ways.—*Deut. 28, 7.*  
 8 S Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world.—*1 John 5, 4.*
- 
- 9 S Jesus with His finger wrote on the ground.—*John 8, 6.*  
 10 M He causeth herb to grow for the service of man.—*Ps. 104, 14.*  
 11 T Didst Thou not sow good seed in Thy field?—*Matt. 13, 25-27.*  
 12 W His enemy sowed tares. Dr. Moberley of Salisbury had a curate against whom a half-cracked man sowed opprobrious remarks in mustard and cress!  
 13 TH The tillage of the wicked is sin.—*Prov. 21, 4, R. V. (Margin.)*  
 14 F On every good piece of land they cast every man his stone.—*2 Kgs. 3, 25.*  
 15 S Ye have perverted the words of the living God.—*Jer. 23, 36.*
- 
- 16 S God commandeth all men everywhere to repent.—*Acts 17, 30.*  
 M Zedekiah stiffened his neck.  
 17 TU And hardened his heart from turning.—*2 Chron. 36, 13.*  
 18 W I knew that thou art obstinate, and thy brow brass.—*Is. 48, 4.*  
 TH A wise man will hear.—*Prov. 1, 5.* “On being accused once of changing his views rather hurriedly, he replied ‘Yes, as hurriedly as I could, for I found I was wrong.’”—*The Life of the Right Hon. Cecil J. Rhodes by Sir L. Michell.*  
 19 F He said, I will not: but afterwards he repented, and went.—*Matt. 21, 29.*  
 22 S Turn Thou me, and I shall be turned.—*Jer. 31, 18.*
- 
- 23 S We are labourers together with God.—*1 Cor. 3, 9.*  
 24 M The labourers are few.—*Matt. 9, 37.*  
 25 TU Are there not twelve hours in the day?—*John 11, 9.*  
 26 W Whatsoever is right I will give you.—*Matt. 20, 4.*  
 27 TH Man goeth forth unto his work until the evening.—*Ps. 104, 23.*  
 28 F A time to die.—*Ecc. 3, 2.* “How am I? Going home as every honest man ought when his work is done.”—*Matthew Mead, Puritan Minister, when dying, 1699.*  
 29 S I have finished the course.—*2 Tim., 4, 7, R. V.*
- 
- 30 S Let us labour to enter into that rest.—*Heb. 4, 11.*

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXV.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

NO. 7.



*Frantic delight of Marmaduke, 17th Baron Edgeley—owner of 93,000 acres, with a rent roll of £80,000—and his sister the Hon. Joscelind Edgeley, at getting permission, for the first time in their lives, to go barefoot for 15 minutes!*



## The Morning Watch Volume for 1911.

PRICE, ONE SHILLING.

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*Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.*

*Vols. XIV., XV., XVI., XVII., XVIII., XIX., XX., XXI., XXII., and XXIII., 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.*

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Ludgate Hill, E.C.*

### "Play without Cheating."

THE Rev. W. M. Christie, late of Aleppo, the distinguished Oriental scholar who is now Head of the U.F. Mission to the Jews in Glasgow, told me recently that that was the way a little Jewish boy repeated to him the words in 1 Thess. 5, 18, *Pray without ceasing—Play without cheating.* It is not often that the Bible is so correctly and so splendidly misquoted. That is one of the cases in which a wise Examiner would give full marks for a wrong answer. Some Examiners would even dare to give extra marks for a good blunder such as that!

To most children July is the great month for play. Remember that God likes to see you play. The Lord Jesus Christ played when He was a child, and during all the time He was on earth He loved not only to hear children singing in the Temple, but also to watch them playing in the street. There is a beautiful passage in the prophecy of Zechariah, in which God, using His

great Name—Jehovah of hosts—tells us that when He returns to Zion and dwells in the midst of Jerusalem, Jerusalem shall be called The city of truth and Zion The holy mountain, and there shall not only be old men and old women dwelling in the streets, every man with his staff in his hand for very age, but the streets shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof. Remember also that it is the Holy Ghost Who made our minds capable of inventing games and our bodies capable of playing them. When you go out to play, therefore, having of course first asked your mother's leave, play with all your might, wasting no time, play merrily, play unselfishly, and play without cheating, so as to please God and the Holy Angels that are guarding you, and the passers by and the people at the windows who are watching you.

Three weeks ago when Northamptonshire was playing Kent at cricket and needed only four runs to win with four wickets to fall, the hour for lunch arrived, and it looked as if the rain would soon be on. If the match were not finished, Kent, having won in the first innings, would count 3 points and Northampton 1, in the county championship. If the game were played out and Northampton won, then it would count 5, and Kent 0. Some captains would have gone in for lunch and spent as long over it as cricket law allows, and put off as much time as possible in other ways before resuming the game. That would have been perfectly legal, and some foolish men

would have thought it even clever. But Mr. Kenneth Hutchings, the captain of the Kent team—and Kent, lately the champion county, needs all the points it can get this year—played the game as a gentleman always will do, and as a Christian always ought to do, and continued the game without stopping for lunch to give his opponents the chance to win, as happily they did.

When I read that story in the papers, it made me almost proud to remember that five years ago at a match between Oxford and Kent, when an Oxford man had driven the ball right through the ropes and Mr. Hutchings who was the nearest fielder was going to run after it, I had the honour and pleasure of saving him the trouble by fielding it for him!

## Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 64.)

55th  
Birth-  
day.

“At fifty-five one has already passed the age at which Dante says one should begin to draw in sail.”—*Life of Mr. W. E. H. Lecky the Historian.*

R. L. Stevenson in his *Travels with a Donkey* says that 55 is “an age by which a man has learned all the moderation of which he is capable.”

Compare with these two extracts the Psalmist's words: “But I will hope continually, and will yet praise Thee more and more. I will go in the strength of the Lord God. Thou shalt increase my greatness, and comfort me on every side.”—*Psalm 71*. Compare with them also this next extract.

“Sept. 18, 1764. I have now spent fifty-five years in resolving; having, from the earliest time almost that I can remember, been forming schemes of a better life. I have done nothing. The need of doing, therefore, is pressing, since the time of doing is short. O God, grant me to resolve aright, and to keep my resolutions, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.”—*Dr. Samuel Johnson's Prayers and Meditations.*

Writing to a friend on August 12, 1875, Sir George Grove, civil engineer, musician, and literary man, says: “To-morrow I am 55 years old and what am I? As much a slave as I was at 35, as little near the attainment of any settled position of mind and spirit as I ever was. I am active and energetic and ready to do my best, but the day for *that* is gone. I ought now to be reaping the fruits, and feeling like other men of my own age that I am enjoying the harvest of my earlier years. You who know me well must feel how very far I am from that, and the thought presses on me very much. . . . I ought not at my time of life to be a mere shuttlecock at the sport



55th  
Birth-  
day.

of all the people who employ me or have the least claim on me. I ought somehow to have more *weight* and leisure—but I can't get it. And yet I feel in myself plenty of capacity."

56th

In May, 1890, Mr. Spurgeon, who had been very busy interviewing persons who wished to become church members—"long hours, but it is glorious harvest work"—wrote to a friend: "How are you? I am myself below par in health; but exceedingly full of the Lord's goodness. . . . I get faint at times in body. I must rest more. On June 19 I shall be fifty-six. My years have been such as produce great wear and tear. Yet I shall soon pick up again."

Mr. Edmund C. Stedman, 1836-1908, American poet and critic, wrote thus to a friend in acknowledgment of a birthday greeting: "And now, my dear boy, what shall I say of the charming surprise with which you so punctually greeted my birthday? At 56 ('oh, woeful when!') one is less than ever used to the melting mood, but you drew a tear to my eyes. The roses are still all over our house."

57th

"October 25, 1857. My birthday. Fifty-seven. I have had a not unpleasant year. My health is not good, but my head is clear and my heart is warm. I receive numerous marks of the good opinion of the public—a large public, including the educated men both of the old and of the new world. I have been made a peer, with, I think, as general an approbation as I remember in the case of any man that in my time has been made a peer. What is much more important to my happiness than wealth, titles, and even fame, those whom I love are well and happy, and very kind and affectionate to me. These are great things."—*Lord Macaulay's Diary*.

"May 9, 1882. Best thanks for your good wishes. Notwithstanding the disease of A.D., (that is, Anno Domini=time), which always proves mortal, I am in excellent case."—*Huxley writing to his son*.

58th

"31st October. Being the 58th of my age, required my humble addresses to Almighty God."—*Diary of John Evelyn, 1678*.

"27th Feb., 1864. Somebody is 58 years old to-day. E. and A. (his children) insist upon it that I am the guilty man, and I cannot deny it."—*Longfellow's Diary*.

"December 3, 1879. I am 58 to-day, and it seems but yesterday that I was an Eton boy standing for the scholarship at Balliol."—*Lord Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice of England*.

Dr. Thorold, Bishop of Rochester, writing from Selsdon, Nov. 5, 1883, to the late A. K. H. B. of St. Andrews, says: "My dear Boyd, Thank you so much for telling me about your birthday; at 58 we have still

55th  
Birth-  
day.

some of our road before us, but we don't know how much, and it shortens rapidly. What I feel about my own work is this. 1. To do it with the more cheerful and detailed diligence than ever. Our last work ought in some respects to be our best. 2. To be constantly on my guard against deterioration of aim and effort and ideal. There is a tendency as we grow older to avoid difficult duties, and to do easy and cheap ones, and to live on the past."

On July 14th, 1887, Dr. Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury, wrote thus in his Diary: "My birthday. Angelus qui eruit me a cunctis malis, Deus qui pavit me a juventute mea usque ad hanc horam, (the Angel which delivered me from all evil, the God which fed me from my youth even unto this hour). I think the thing I marvel at most is the thinness of the partition by which He and He only keeps me from falling under so many temptations and propensities so terrible. The falls are sad enough and bad enough, and the character they reveal to me painful indeed. But the grace which keeps one from falling one inch further, irrecoverably, and is not worn out by my *παροξυσμοί* (paroxysmoi, provocations, Ps. 95, 8) in this wilderness, is simply more visibly alive and active in my most certain experiences, more prompt, more steady, than I have any experience of among material things and persons . . . . And all this is the more extraordinary because of the hurry, hotness, dryness, aridity of the life I am obliged to live in London, if correspondence, interviews, and letters are to be kept down and dealt with at all. The want of time to read and think, the shortness and distractions of prayer, seem to threaten one's very existence as a conscious child of a living God. And yet He is on my right hand, and I know it. May I have more light of His countenance as years go on. Yet this is not what the threatening signs and every surging business promise me.

*Over the camels also was Obil the Ishmaelite.—1 Chron. 27, 30.*

THEY tell a story of a man who was appointed professor of Greek in some University or other, and when some who knew him well said to one of his friends—"What have they made that man professor of Greek for? the creature doesn't know any Greek!" the friend replied, "Quite true, but what's to hinder him from learning some?" One has seen and heard of so many men who got high place in every department of life, but especially in Courts and in Governments, who had no

right to it, that one is pleasantly surprised to find that in those far off days the man who was put over the camels was actually an Arabian, a man who knew about them from his infancy. To judge by the men of our own day there would be many in David's time who would say—"This is too good a berth for an Arabian, an alien to the Commonwealth of Israel. Why not give it to Ben-azaziah? It is only too true that Ben-azaziah has hardly ever seen a camel in his life, and knows nothing about them, but he knows just as little about anything else. He





cannot dig, but he's not ashamed to beg, and he would accept this post if he got it. Shekels 500 a month, with a rise of 50 every month till he has 1,000, with a prospect of further advances after that till he reaches the age of 60 when he would retire on a pension of 10,000 a year, would suit him admirably, and he could get a senior assistant and ten assistants-depute, with fifty Arabians under them to do all necessary work." And we may be sure there would have been men of Judah enough to fill all the posts that could be created.

In his sermon at the Coronation of Charles II., at Scone, 1st January, 1651, Mr. Douglas, one of the Covenanting ministers, said he wondered how a godly man could take upon him a place whereof he had no skill. That is the first lesson to learn from the text. We ought not to take a wage that we cannot work for.

I wonder if any boy or girl who reads this will ever be a professor—I mean a professor properly so called—a professor in a University. Well, suppose that happens, and after you have been professor for some years God gives you grace to find out that you have not the gift of teaching, and that you are injuring or lessening the fame of your University, or suppose you know or hear of a man seven times cleverer than you, who has made a worthy name for himself in your subject, and has the art of telling what he knows, then resign your place at once, and make room for him who is worthier, and don't haggle about terms or retiring allowances. Be an honest

man, "and thou shalt have glory in the presence of all that sit at meat with thee." Some of your brother professors will shiver as at the knell of doom, and will try to dissuade you from setting such an awful precedent, but a generation of students that do not know you at the time will rise up hereafter and call you blessed. Some people may call you a fool, but they won't think you one; and, even if they do, what matters it if God at the last call you a good and faithful servant, and say, Well done! But to be fit for such an act of renunciation when you are thirty-five or forty-five or sixty-five, you must begin when you are boys and girls, always in honour preferring one another, giving place to a worthier than thou, for example, in your amusements and in your games.

That was a wise prayer a good woman whom I knew told me she often offered up. She had a large family, and much outside work and care as well, and as she felt the burden at times too great, she would add to her other supplications—"And teach me, O God, what work to give up, and what work to leave undone."

The text should teach you also how eager God was in Old Testament times to bring all foreigners and heathen into the household of faith and into the bond of the covenant. God from the beginning has been the God of the stranger. "The stranger that is within thy gates" is one of the phrases He wrote with His Own hand on the Tables of the Law. Old Testament history as well as prophecy is full



from the beginning to the end of God's compassion on the heathen and His desire that they should know His Name. The nations of Canaan even, whom, after four hundred years of warning and forbearance, He commanded to be uprooted and destroyed, not because they were heathen who had to be got out of the way to make room for the Israelites, but because they were cruel, murderous nations, who led lives that were wicked beyond all words and even beyond all that we can imagine—even they, if they humbly sought to give up their evil ways and make their peace with Him, were given a right to all the privileges of the people of God, as we see, for example, in the story of the Gibeonites in the book of Joshua. They came with lies in their mouths and lies in their right hands, and in great ignorance, and yet, because they in some measure

did truly seek His face, they were graciously received and given a place close to His altar and the Shadow of His wing.

And, lastly, the text illustrates the great part played in redemption by what we call the lower creation, the beasts of the field and the birds of the air. It was his knowledge of camels that brought Obil to David's Court and gave him a name and a place in God's Book. Of the camels we may say, as the Arabs say of the locusts—"They too are God's host."

Do you know the sixtieth of Isaiah? "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee . . . . The multitude of camels shall cover thee, the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah; they all shall come from Sheba; they shall bring gold and frankincense, and shall proclaim the praises of the Lord."





### Dr. Norman Macleod.

LAST month in many parts of Scotland they were celebrating the centenary of the birth of the Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod, a minister of the Established Church well known in his day. He was a man of great humour and of a genial presence. I have seen him rise in the City Hall of Glasgow to address an audience that was weary and restless. Before he had opened his mouth people began to smile and look happy; before he had said six words they were roaring with laughter. Yet for many a year I thought of him only as a man who could be very cross.

I had been taken one week night, when I was eight or nine years old, to a Mission Church in a poor district to hear him read one of his own stories, *Wee Davie*. It was a crowded congregation, the first full church, alas! I had ever seen. After a few words from the minister of the place—a man whose sons have since brought him great honour—Dr. Macleod began to speak, but it was evident that something had displeased him. He looked and spoke like one who had been put about and felt that he did well to be angry. Many years afterwards, recalling some of his opening words and

putting two and two together, I saw what had annoyed him.

He was one of the busiest men of his time, and one of the most willing to do anything for anybody, and when he had been asked a good many months before to give a reading on such and such a day he had given a half-promise, declining, however, to pledge himself till he saw what work in his own church and congregation the winter months might bring him. But the man who had asked him had unfortunately, through some mistake, published a programme of a Course of Lectures without asking Dr. Macleod's consent, and the poor doctor had to come at great inconvenience both to himself and to some others who had a stronger claim on him. Now it is a curious thing that I never forgot that cross tone in his voice, and though after a time I could recall almost all his opening sentences, I never could remember one word of *Wee Davie*! It left, so far as I know, no impression on my mind. I read it a few years ago, but it seemed wholly new and unfamiliar. We are told of a nurse of one of the French King Louis' that one day when he was screaming in a rage she pulled the blinds of the window down that, as she told him,



none of the passers by in the gardens might see their future king with such an unlovely face. We never know who may be watching us, or listening to us, and we do well to ask God to keep us always on our best behaviour. A moment's unadvised speech or look may, like one fly in the ointment, spoil the odour of a good name.

And the second lesson is this: When you boys and girls in years to come are making up programmes, or buying programmes, remember that you must always say, at least in your heart, "If the Lord will, we shall live, and do this or that." No man can foresee the future, and many kinds of circumstances may arise which may make it cruel or unkind in us to ask a man to keep a promise made in happier times. Forty years ago, for example, Tennyson published *The Window*; or, *The Song of the Wrens*, sorely against his will. The great Franco-Prussian War had broken out, and he rightly felt it was unseemly, to

use his own words, "that his little puppet should have to dance in the dark shadow of those days." People had other things to think about, but, though he did all he could to put off the issue of his merry little rhymes, the man for whom he wrote them held him to his promise.

And the third lesson is: Be always slow to judge. For if we judge unfairly or unkindly or unnecessarily, it is not one sin only that we commit, but a sin that has to be multiplied by the number of times we repeat it, or the number of the hours and moments during which we leave it unrepented of.

And here is a fourth lesson thrown into the bargain: If at any time in your lives some one deliberately and needlessly, or cruelly, makes you keep a promise to your hurt, keep your promise by all means, committing your way to God, and leaving the issue in His hands. Good will come out of it to you in the long run, if not at the very moment as well.

### Reasons for not going to Church. 14th Series.—No. 7.

*This boy, who spent most of the long June evenings, up till nearly ten o'clock, in wheeling and being wheeled this way, is not allowed to go to church because he is an extremely nervous and delicate child. His mother says his brain is far too active! At school he has more need to be kept back than to be pushed forward. And the last time he was at church, three months ago, he was quite upset, and so excited over the sermon that they could hardly get him to bed, and it was well on for nine o'clock before he fell asleep, his head was in such a whirl!*







1	M	Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing,
2	TU	That ye may abound in hope.— <i>Rom. 15, 13.</i>
3	W	But I will hope continually.— <i>Ps. 71, 14.</i>
4	TH	A living hope.— <i>1 Pet. 1, 3, R. V.</i> "Life's pearl, Expectancy."— <i>J. R. Lowell.</i>
5	F	My hope, that in nothing I shall be ashamed.— <i>Phil. 1, 20.</i>
6	S	Christ in you, the hope of glory.— <i>Col. 1, 27.</i>
<hr/>		
7	S	Your adversary the devil.— <i>1 Pet. 5, 8.</i>
8	M	We are not ignorant of Satan's devices.— <i>2 Cor. 2, 11.</i>
9	TU	That old serpent, which deceiveth the whole world.— <i>Rev. 12, 9.</i>
10	W	Satan fashioneth himself into an angel of light.— <i>2 Cor. 11, 14, R. V.</i>
11	TH	The devil was a murderer from the beginning.— <i>John 8, 44.</i>
12	F	Whoso is simple, let him turn in hither. . . . But he knoweth not that the dead are there.— <i>Prov. 9, 13-18.</i> This ocean that creeps fawning to our feet Comes purring o'er a million wrecks and bones. — <i>Stephen Phillips' Nero.</i>
13	S	Their smooth and fair speech.— <i>Rom. 16, 18.</i>
<hr/>		
14	S	I have called you friends.— <i>John 15, 15.</i> "Sir William Harcourt had a 'Garden of Friends' near his house, in which each plant or shrub had been given by a friend, and served as a memento, an inscription on each."— <i>G. W. Smalley's Anglo-American Memories.</i>
15	M	Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God.— <i>Acts 10, 4.</i>
16	TU	Their soul shall be as a watered garden.— <i>Jer. 31, 12.</i>
17	W	I will pour out of My Spirit.— <i>Acts 2, 18.</i>
18	TH	The spirit of Elijah doth rest on Elisha.— <i>2 Kings, 2, 15.</i>
19	F	The faith that is in thee which dwelt first in thy grandmother.— <i>2 Tim., 1, 5.</i>
20	S	The things which ye have heard . . . and seen in me, do.— <i>Phil. 4, 9.</i>
<hr/>		
21	S	Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord.— <i>Ps. 25, 15.</i>
22	M	I will set no base thing before mine eyes.— <i>Ps. 101, 3, R. V.</i>
23	TU	Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity.— <i>Ps. 119, 37.</i>
24	W	When thine eye is single.— <i>Luke 11, 34.</i> "If one of the crew looks out of the boat during a race, the coxswain (or steersman) should at once cry 'Eyes in the boat!' and shout himself hoarse till he is obeyed."— <i>G. L. Davis,</i> <i>Cox of the Cambridge Eight, 1875-79: Isthmian Library, Rowing.</i>
25	TH	Let thine eyelids look straight before thee.— <i>Prov. 4, 25.</i>
26	F	The eyes of a fool are in the ends of the earth.— <i>Prov. 17, 24.</i>
27	S	No man, looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.— <i>Luke 9, 62.</i>
<hr/>		
28	S	With one accord ( <i>ὁμοθυμαδόν</i> , <i>homothumadon</i> , '= <i>h</i> , <i>θ</i> = <i>th</i> ) in one place.— <i>Acts 2, 1.</i>
29	M	With one accord in prayer.— <i>ch. 1, 14.</i>
30	TU	Lifted up their voice with one accord (in singing).— <i>ch. 4, 24.</i>
31	W	With one accord gave heed (to the sermon).— <i>ch. 8, 6.</i> "I can almost hear eight distinct sounds as the eight oars turn in the rowlocks. Try and lock it up absolutely together. There ought to be a sound like the turning of a key in a well-oiled lock—sharp, single, definite."— <i>Mr. Lehmann's Advice</i> <i>to a Crew.</i>

August, 1912.

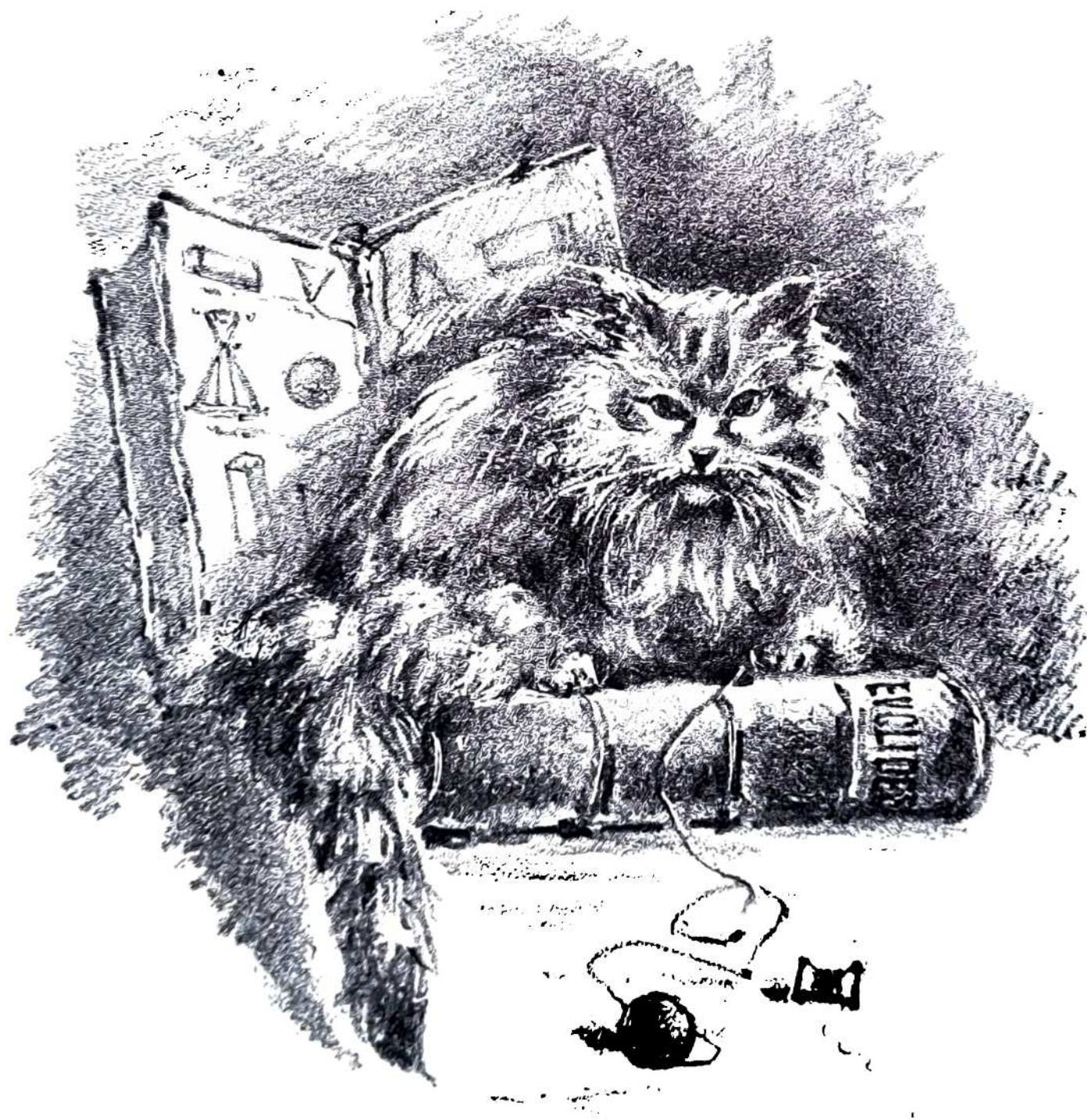
One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXV.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

No. 8.



**"Cyrus the Persian Geometrizes."**



## The Morning Watch Volume for 1911.

PRICE, ONE SHILLING.

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*That disciple was known unto the high priest, and went in with Jesus into the palace of the high priest.—John 18, 15.*

**T**HE worse a man is the more God does for him, for He has no pleasure in the death of the wicked.

Caiaphas was a bad man, and had no right to be the high priest of Israel. But, somehow or other, he had got into that position, and though God might well have refused to acknowledge him or take any notice of him, and might simply have treated him as a usurper, and an impudent usurper, God strove to make him fit for the place he had no right to fill. How many things God did to make him good, we shall not know till the day of judgment when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed. But there were three things that we know of that were specially done for him.

1. The Holy Ghost opened his eyes and showed him the whole mystery of redemption. Since Caiaphas was high priest "that same year"—the greatest year there

ever had been—it should have been his high privilege and honour to tell the people that Jesus Christ was the Lamb of God that was to take away the sin of the world. Therefore it was that the Holy Ghost taught him that it was for the nation's good and the whole world's good that "One man should die for the people." And though Caiaphas put a different meaning into the words and twisted them about, we can see from the temper with which he spoke—John 11, 49—that he knew quite well what the Spirit that was in him did signify. God sent forth His light and His truth and he deliberately shut his eyes to them.

2. The second thing God had done for this bad man was to make him acquainted with the apostle John. John was the best man in the world at that time, our Lord's greatest friend, the man whose head Christ had made to lean on His Own breast. No man could come so close to Him without being like Him. Any man looking at John was bound to say, "This is not a common man, he has been in high company, everything about him shows that 'he dwells on high,' and that he has been in the palace of the Great King." The man to whom our dying Lord gave His Own mother in charge must have been the man who was likeliest Himself. And Caiaphas knew that man, and no doubt had had many a solemn talk with him, for John could tell him things that only two other men, Peter and James, knew besides himself. Jesus might therefore well say

to Caiaphas, "Why askest thou Me about My doctrine? You know some of My friends, you know them intimately, ask them."

How Caiaphas had come to know John we can't tell. All of us in our time will become acquainted with people who apparently now belong to quite another sphere of life. People will say to us, "But how did *you* get to know that man?" And we shall have to say, "Well, it came about in a very curious way that would take a long time to explain." God keeps our goings out and our comings in, and directs all our steps, and if we are worthy to be witnesses for Him to any man in the world, if we are the people who are most fit to do that man good, God will somehow bring him and us together. The Bible, from the days of Moses and Pharaoh to the days

of Paul and Nero, is full of such meetings of men whose lots originally lay far apart. And it is this consideration that gives such solemnity to what we call chance meetings and casual introductions. "Who knoweth," nay, rather, who can doubt, "whether thou art come to the Kingdom for such a time as this?"

3. And of course the third and greatest thing that God did for Caiaphas was to bring him face to face with Christ Himself. Every man in the world, some day or other, hears God saying, "This is My beloved Son, hear Him;" or, as one of the cleverest men of modern times has put it—a man who himself fell as low as any man can fall—"Once in his life at least each man walks with Christ to Emmaus."

## Concerning Birthdays.

*(Continued from page 77.)*

59th  
Birth-  
day.

From Dr. Andrew Bonar's Diary, Saturday, 29th May, 1869: "Solemnized last night when I got a quiet evening at the review of my past life. I have lived fifty-nine years in the world. The review presented causes of thanksgiving and praise without number, and on the other hand, reasons for deep humiliation, bitter sorrow, regret, self-upbraiding. . . . Three pictures in my study often upbraid me—those of Robert M'Cheyne, William Burns, and John Milne; and at times the photograph of Samuel Rutherford's tomb suggests to me what coldness of love is in my heart compared with such a man. . . . O what I have lost! O what I have lost! My heart sinks within me. I can only once again put my hand upon the head of the slain Lamb, and look up. The words of Joel 2, 25, have been before now a comfort; for in some way the Lord will add that to all His other acts of grace. 'I will restore to you the years that the locusts have eaten.'" (You should all learn the whole of that verse off by heart. It is one of the most striking promises in the Bible.)



59th  
Birth-  
day.

The following year, on his 60th birthday, Dr. Bonar wrote thus : "My birthday. My life looks to me since conversion as a sort of half-awake life, half-decided, never altogether and with full fervour the Lord's. 'To me to live has been Christ,' is what I wish I could say, but cannot. So much of self. The Lord has held me up from any open stumbling these threescore years ! He will do more for me still, and my song will be Jude 24 : 'Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling.'"

"March 19, 1872. My birthday. My Jesus, my King, my Life, my All. I again dedicate my whole self to Thee. Accept me. And grant, O Gracious Father, that ere this year is gone, I may finish my work. In Jesus' name, I ask it. Amen."—*David Livingstone's Last Journals.*

And in 1873, on his 60th and last birthday, he wrote : "Thanks to the Almighty Preserver of men for sparing me thus far. Let not Satan prevail over me, oh ! my good Lord Jesus."

"Boston, 12th Nov., 1895. I was 59 yesterday. It is unpleasant to be 59 ; but it would be unpleasant not to be, having got started."—*The late T. B. Aldrich writing to W. D. Howells.*

60th

"It is a favourite speculation of mine," wrote Dr. Chalmers, "that if spared to sixty we then enter on the seventh decade of human life, and that this if possible should be turned into the Sabbath of our earthly pilgrimage and spent Sabbatically, as if on the shores of an eternal world, or in the outer courts, as it were, of the temple that is above, the tabernacle in heaven. What enamours me all the more of this idea is the retrospect of my mother's widowhood. I long, if God should spare me, for such an old age as she enjoyed, spent as if at the gate of heaven, and with such a fund of inward peace and hope as made her nine years' widowhood a perfect feast and foretaste of the blessedness that awaits the righteous."

To these words Carlyle in his *Reminiscences* added the note : "I had heard before of this speculation of Dr. Chalmers' from Thomas Erskine of Linlathen, with pathetic comment as to what Chalmers' own Sabbath-decade had been." Dr. Chalmers died in 1847 at the age of 67, and it was during his last years that he had to face the strife and sorrow of the "Disruption."

James Halley, a scholar and a student of theology whose memory will long be fragrant in Scotland, wrote thus to his sister on January 2nd, 1837 : "I can hardly bear the thought, which often occurs to me, that, in the common course of providence, I must by and by lay my father's head in the grave. Only one thing half reconciles me to it, that I do believe it would kill him to lay mine there. . . . He is now an old man—*sixty* next Sabbath-day. Let me send him, with an earnest prayer, as his birth-day present, these texts of Scripture—

60th  
Birth-  
day.

and may the Holy Spirit give the commentary :—Isaiah 38, 18-19 ; 46, 4 ; Psalms 71, 18-20 ; 73, 26 ; 92, 13-14."

I wonder (1) how many of you will take the trouble to turn these passages up ; and (2) how many of you know any of them without turning them up.

Young Halley was twenty-three when he wrote that letter. Four years afterwards he "lay down with the clods of the valley," while the "old man" his father was yet alive.

In her *Early Reminiscences* Mrs. Story tells us how, on seeing Admiral Smart on board his flagship at Leith, she said to him she thought he had one of the most enviable positions on earth. "I never knew till to-day what a very great man the Commander of a flagship like this really is ; you are a perfect king on board your ship, everyone seems to tremble at your nod, and you do as you please in every possible way. You ought to be a very proud and happy man."

"He looked at me rather sadly, and then replied : 'You think all that, and no doubt some of it is true, but'—and he paused for a moment—'this happens to be my birthday. This very day fifty years ago, I, a middy of ten years old, chanced to be with my ship in the Firth of Forth, and I remember looking out of the cabin windows just as we have been doing now. Then I had all the world before me, now it is all behind ; and in spite of much that has been and is very pleasant, the contrast between that day and this appears to me very melancholy, and my position is not so entirely rose-tinted as you seem to imagine it.'"

"June 29, 1906. Sixty years old to-day." This is the last entry in *Notes from the Life of an Ordinary Mortal*, by A. G. C. Liddell, C.B.

"Fancy coming to be 60, and feeling that you had spent all your time and money on yourself."—*From a Letter written by Mr. Ernest R. Balfour, a famous Oxford University Football Player and Oarsman, who died young, in 1897.* One of his last conscious acts was to join in singing the Second Paraphrase, "O God of Bethel."

### The Dandelion.

Two girls are here carrying home in triumph two dandelions they have found. Yet on their way they have passed three and-seventy gardens, in which nineteen-hundred-and-eighty-five roses, besides thousands of other lovely flowers, are fast fading away. Oh, if only some of the owners knew what joy one of their very poorest roses would give

these children and the other little ones they have left at home !

Mr. Lowell, the American statesman, has written a poem on the Dandelion, whose first stanza is :—

"Dear common flower, that grow'st  
beside the way,  
Fringing the dusty road with harmless  
gold,  
First pledge of blythesome May,  
Which children pluck, and, full of  
pride, uphold,







High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed  
that they  
An Eldorado in the grass have found,  
Which not the rich earth's ample round  
May match in wealth, thou art more  
dear to me  
Than all the prouder summer blooms  
may be."

After we have read these words we are not surprised when we are told of the joy his daughter felt when, on her first landing in England, she found a Dandelion. It was something that she knew!

— ❧ —

*They cannot bark.—Isaiah 56. 10.*

THERE are two or three passages in the Psalms in which bad men, prowling about at night doing mischief, are said to make a noise like a dog, but this verse in Isaiah seems to be the only one in the Bible in which the word *bark* is used. Dogs fill such a great and worthy part in our lives, and do so much for us and for God, that one is glad to find them not only having a place under His table and eating the crumbs of the loaves that we have blessed in His Name, but mingling their voices this once with all the other voices that praise Him—though indeed it is rather the absence of their voices that is here referred to, as if their place were empty and God missed them, and His feast could not go on till they had come in.

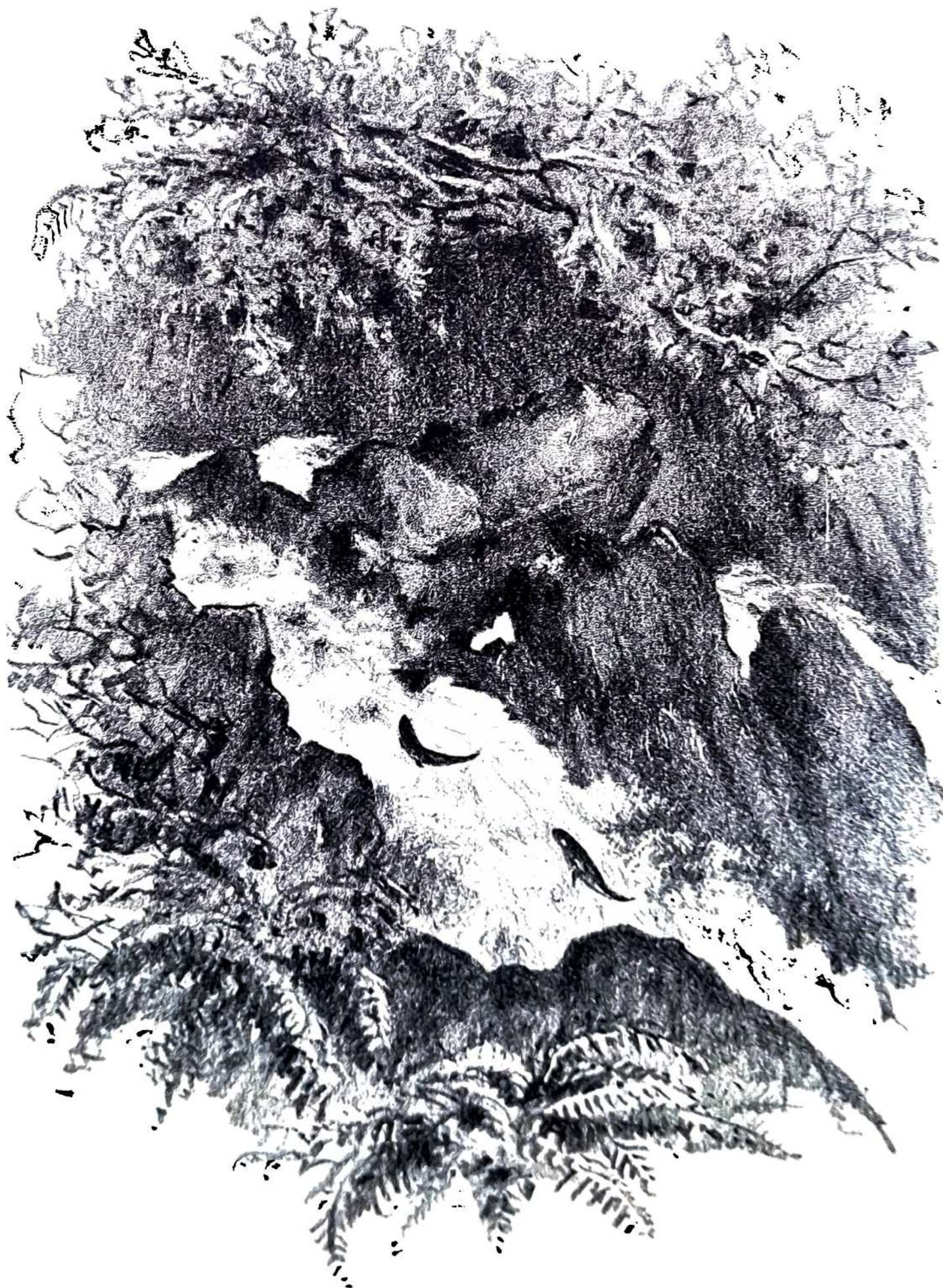
There are so many kinds of barks in the world, and none of them is without signification. Who does not know the bark of inquiry, and the bark of warning, and the bark of recognition, and the bark of wel-

come, the great joyous *bowff* that is as loud and earfilling and yet as restful as the roar of a breaking wave on the sands on a glorious summer day? Have we not all heard the querulous whine and yelp, and the unceasing, needless, distracting, irritating clamour that interrupts and renders impossible all conversation? And there is the insolent bark of the cowardly hypocrite that lets anyone pass when it is all alone, but makes a mighty outcry against all comers when his master is close by him. And what shall we say of the pest that some people treasure for years that runs under the visitor's chair, and not only refuses to make friends with him, but gurs and gurs away, *crescendo, diminuendo, crescendo, CRESCENDO*, till the stranger, feeling unlike Achilles, that though his heels are all right the calves of his legs are vulnerable—very! "makes haste to 'scape away?"

The man who can't be angry when occasion needs is of no use in the Kingdom of God. What the world needs, some one has said, is angry men. There is a time to say "No," and a time to say worse than no; there is a time to bark, and a time to bite, but there is also a time to lick poor Lazarus' sores. The dogs that did that have a name and a place in God's Book.

Have you ever read of the great shout of laughter the father of Dr John Brown—of *Rab and his Friends*—gave, when Toby, whom his little son had rescued for twopence from some boys who were drowning him, after being for some weeks in







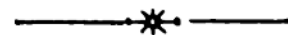
“ gurr, gurring away ”



his house all unbeknown to him, walked into his bedroom one night when he was washing his feet, “introduced himself with a wag of his tail, intimating a general willingness to be happy,” and then having got his way to the old gentleman’s bare feet, began to lick his soles and in between his toes with his small rough tongue?

May God make us diligent, watchful, brave, and loving, fighting to the death if need be; but may He keep us from being of the kind that raise up contention and delight in war,

that are like serpents in the way, and adders in the path, that bite the horse’s heels, so that his rider falleth backward.



*And the Lord spake unto the fish.—Jonah 2, 10.*

THESE are two Sea-trout making their way last month from the ocean up a little Highland stream that was in spate after a night of heavy rain. They had heard God speaking to them in the depths, in



ways we do not know, calling them back from their wanderings in the sea to the gravel-beds high up the river where they spent their infancy, just as He calls the swallows from far off lands to return to the nests under the eaves where they were born, in which, as the Psalm says, they may lay their young.

They have a wonderful way of making their bodies like a bent bow, and so hurling themselves up with a spring, sometimes to a height of five or six feet, or even more, as one has seen a boy send a bent cane into the air. One of these trout was seen to reach the higher edge of the fall, and then wriggle its way on through the rushing water. The other landed on a ledge of the rock and was swept down back again into the pool below. I have no doubt, however, that he tried again and again, succeeding at last, and that he is now enjoying himself in the quiet reaches of the river, and comparing notes as to his cuts and bruises got in his exciting passage

up the steep and rocky channel, with the successful fellow-venturers that followed him.

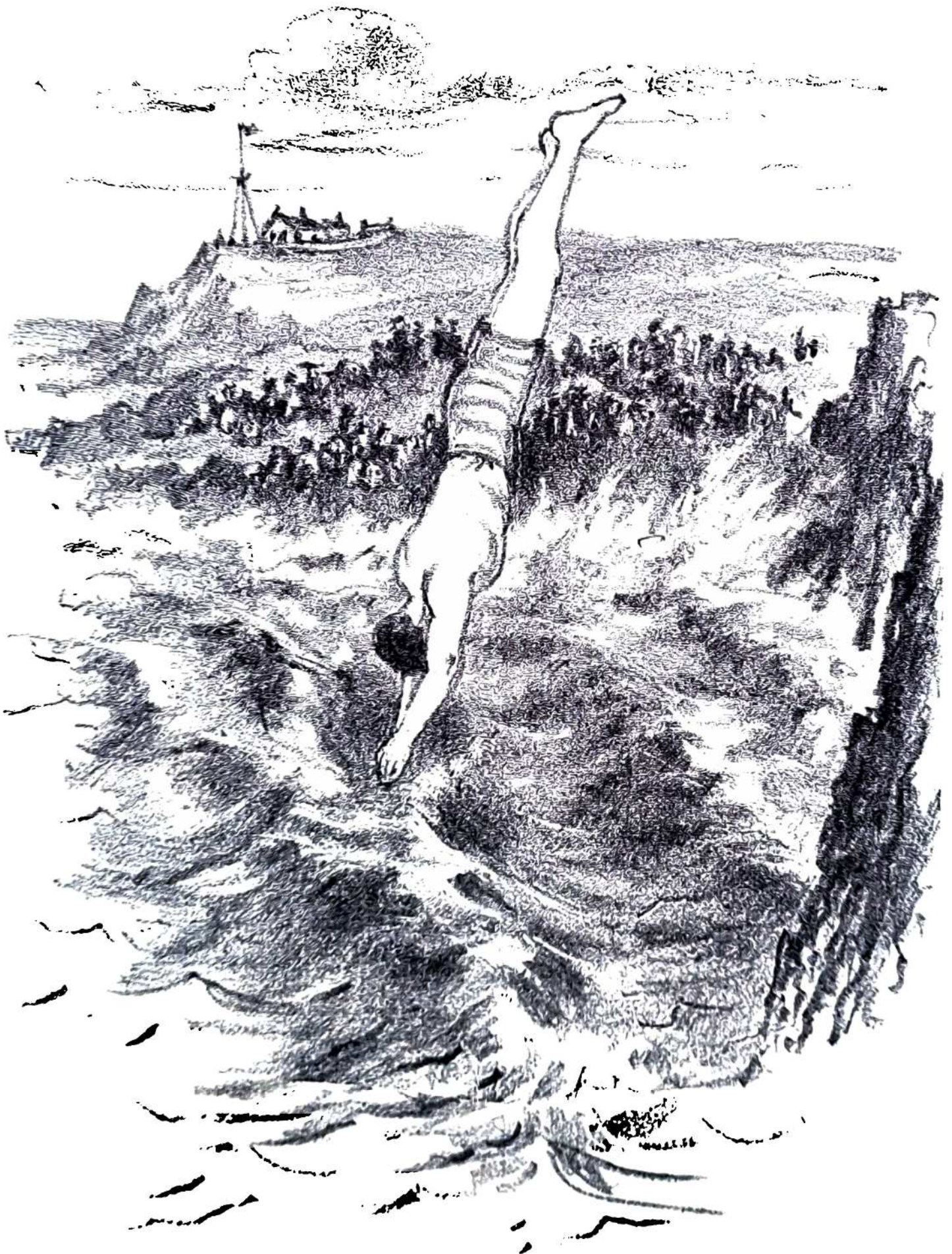
What a great part fish of the sea, like all the other creatures God has made, have played in human history and in the story of salvation. For witness we have the fish that brought back the runaway prophet, and the fish that paid the tribute money for its Lord and ours, and the two little fishes He multiplied to feed the hungry men and women and children that were come from far, and the great fishes that Peter drew in the net to land—are they not numbered in Thy Book, an hundred and fifty and three?—and the fish He made ready on the fire for the seven weary men who had toiled all night, and that fish He shared with the company in the Upper Room to prove to them that it was no Spirit that had appeared to them, but One that had flesh and bones like themselves, and was indeed their Lord and Brother risen from the dead.

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### Reasons for not going to Church. 14th Series.—No. 8.

*This young man, whose daily forenoon diving exploits are one of the greatest attractions at a popular seaside resort, cannot be prevailed on to go to church, because, as his mother puts it, "he is so timid and shy;" even as a boy she could hardly get him to go into any company. (At this very moment, on the rocks on the opposite side of the bay, there is a cheering crowd of hundreds of people, young and old, all eagerly watching him. He is trying to day for the first time the new elm-wood spring-board that has been specially put up for him.)*







1	TH	After that the full corn in the ear.— <i>Mark 4, 28.</i> “Good, simple country folk, what mummery and trumpery they come to the city to gaze at ! and at home they have the great pageant of the harvest, and all the sweetness of the earth at their doors.”— <i>The Heralds of the Dawn, by William Watson.</i>
2	F	Isaac went out to meditate in the field at the eventide.— <i>Gen. 24, 63.</i>
3	S	In His hand a sharp sickle.— <i>Rev. 14, 14.</i>
4	S	The increase of God.— <i>Col. 2, 19.</i>
5	M	Though he goeth on his way weeping, bearing forth the seed ;
6	TU	He shall come again with joy, bringing his sheaves.— <i>Ps. 126, 6, R.V.</i>
7	W	For who hath despised the day of small things ?— <i>Zech. 4, 10.</i>
8	TH	The little one shall become a thousand.— <i>Is. 60, 22, R.V.</i> “There is in the Club at Durban, Natal, a painting of the <i>Sarah Bell</i> , 150 tons, the first ship to come direct from England without touching at Cape Town. The Inscription adds that her mail bag contained one letter.”— <i>Sir L. Michell's Life of Mr. Rhodes.</i>
9	F	The Kingdom of God is like to a grain of mustard seed :
10	S	The least of all seeds ;—but the greatest among herbs.— <i>Matt. 13, 31.</i>
11	S	En-hakkore—that is, The well of him that cried.— <i>Judg. 15, 19.</i>
12	M	Out of the depths have I cried unto thee.— <i>Ps. 130, 1.</i>
13	TU	Why standest Thou afar off, O Lord ?— <i>Ps. 10, 1.</i>
14	W	Master, carest Thou not that we perish ?— <i>Mark 4, 38.</i>
15	TH	Make haste to help me, O Lord. I am poor and needy.— <i>Ps. 70, 1-5.</i>
16	F	O Lord, make no tarrying. “The message which takes priority over everything in wireless telegraphy is the distress signal. Then come messages of the British Admiralty and other Government Departments.— <i>Marconi's Evidence at the Titanic Enquiry.</i>
17	S	And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me. . . . Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise.— <i>Luke 23, 43.</i>
18	S	The unity of the Spirit.— <i>Eph. 4, 3.</i>
19	M	Jesus asked them, What was it that ye disputed ?— <i>Mark 9, 33.</i>
20	TU	The works of the flesh—enmities, strife, jealousies, wraths.— <i>Gal. 5, 20.</i>
21	W	Gallings one of another.— <i>1 Tim. 6, 5 (Authorized Version Margin).</i>
22	TH	But if ye bite and devour one another, take heed.— <i>Gal. 5, 15.</i>
23	F	Ye shall not fight against your brethren.— <i>2 Chron. 11, 4.</i> “Disco the skipper thought fighting on watch rather worse than sleeping.”— <i>Kipling's Captains Courageous.</i>
24	S	Where jealousy and faction are, there is confusion and every vile deed.— <i>Jas. 3, 16, R.V.</i>
25	S	The incorruptible apparel of a meek and quiet spirit.— <i>1 Pet. 3, 3, R.V.</i>
26	M	Ahasuerus shewed the honour of his excellent majesty.— <i>Est. 1, 4.</i>
27	TU	Agrippa was come with great pomp.— <i>Acts 25, 23.</i>
28	W	Pride is as a chain about their neck.— <i>Ps. 73, 6, 8.</i>
29	TH	They speak loftily. General Winfield Scott, the defeated candidate for the U.S.A. Presidency in 1852, was called “Old Fuss and Feathers.” He was 6 feet 4, very handsome and very vain.
30	F	Look not on his countenance, or on the height of his stature.
31	S	The Lord looketh on the heart.— <i>1 Sam. 16, 7.</i>

September, 1912.

One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXV.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

NO. 9.



**"The Vales with Corn are Glad."**



## The Morning Watch Volume for 1911.

PRICE, ONE SHILLING.

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*Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.*

*Vols. XIV., XV., XVI., XVII., XVIII., XIX., XX., XXI., XXII., and XXIII., 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.*

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## The Unused Strength of God.

*For the eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show Himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward Him.—2 Chron. 16, 9.*

WHEN King Asa showed himself afraid of Benhadad, Hanani the seer rebuked him by reminding him of what God had done for him a few years before. With an army of 580,000 Asa had overcome a million Ethiopians, because he had asked God to help him. The God Who had done so much for him once could do as much a second time. God never exhausts His power. What He did yesterday He can do to-day, and greater things besides. And there are things He would like to do, if only we would let Him, that He has never done yet, and that it will be impossible for Him to do in the world to come. The nearer therefore that world comes, the more eager is He to put forth all His strength and manifest fresh aspects

of His glory and give us new proofs of His love to the honour of His well-beloved Son.

If your mother had an orchard or a garden with more apples and pears and plums and gooseberries in it than she could use or even pull, wouldn't she send you out into the road to see if there was anybody passing whom you might ask to come in? But you might go out and look in vain, and the next day find out that a whole troop of boys and girls had passed quite near you by another way. How happy half-an-hour in a garden would have made them, and you never saw them, and never knew they were there till it was too late!

God's eyes run to and fro, that is, He is always looking, and looking everywhere. As the 14th Psalm says:

Upon men's sons the Lord from heaven  
Did cast His eyes abroad,  
To see if any understood,  
And did seek after God.

And God never misses seeing any that are seeking after Him. If therefore there are no marvels in our lives, it is simply because our hearts are not perfect toward Him. God's strength is unused, He does not put it forth for us, because we will neither ask it, nor take it when He offers it. Is it not a very awful thought that He comes and looks at us every day, and has to take away again the blessing He had specially prepared for us? "Rabbi" Duncan once said, "If the Spirit is not poured out on us, it is because we are not thirsty, for God has said, Is. 44, 3, I will pour water upon him that is thirsty."

So may we say of this verse in Chronicles; if God does not show Himself strong in our behalf every

day and every hour, it is either because we are not doing His Work, or not doing it His Way.

## Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 89.)

60th  
Birth-  
day.

30th October, 1680, I went to London to be private, my birthday being the next day, and I now arrived at my sixtieth year; on which I began a more solemn survey of my whole life, in order to the making and confirming my peace with God, by an accurate scrutiny of all my actions past, as far as I was able to call them to mind. How difficult and uncertain, yet how necessary a work! The Lord be merciful to me, and accept me! Who can tell how oft he offendeth? Teach me, therefore, so to number my days, that I may apply my heart unto wisdom, and make my calling and election sure. Amen, Lord Jesus!" *The Diary of John Evelyn.*

On February 27, 1867, the poet Longfellow wrote in his Diary: "My sixtieth birthday. Sundry bouquets, and presents from the children." To one of his friends, Mrs. James Fields, who had sent one of the bouquets, he wrote: "I am very much obliged to you for your kind remembrance and for sending such messengers to tell it to me. Their 'voiceless lips' delivered the message of good will, and sang it to the eye all supper-time. Many thanks—say sixty—for these lovely flowers."

Mr Lowell sent him a poem in honour of the day. Here is the last stanza of it:

A gift of symbol-flowers I meant to bring,  
White for thy candour, for thy kindness red;  
But Nature here denies them to the Spring,  
And in forced blooms an odorous warmth will cling  
Not artless: take this bunch of verse instead.

And here is Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes' contribution:

In gentle bosoms tried and true  
How oft the thought will be,  
"Dear friend, shall I remember you  
Or you remember me?"

But thou, sweet singer of the West,  
Whose song in every zone  
Has soothed some aching grief to rest  
And made some heart thine own,

Whene'er thy tranquil sun descends—  
Far, far that evening be!—  
What mortal tongue may count the friends  
That shall remember thee?



60th  
Birth-  
day.

On July 14, 1867, Mr. Albert Hopkins, Professor of Mathematics in Williams College, Mass., U.S.A., wrote in his Journal: "My sixtieth birthday. . . . Expected at this time to be on my way to Quito (on a Scientific Expedition), but for some reason God detained me. Feel no anxiety in looking forward. Hope I can peacefully leave all at the Saviour's feet. . . . At sunset visited the cemetery. Hour quiet." In the cemetery lay his wife and his only son, a young officer, who had been killed three years before while leading a cavalry charge during the Civil War. One of the things for which Prof. Hopkins was remembered was the Noon Prayer Meeting, held in his College four days a week, which he set up and maintained for forty years. This meeting was beautifully compared, by one who attended it as a student, to the little island right in the middle of Menai Strait which supports the central pier of the Britannia Bridge.

From the Journal of Henry Alford, Dean of Canterbury, New Testament scholar and commentator: "Oct. 7, 1870. Eye not so well. My sixtieth birthday. All thanks to my good God." To a friend he wrote: "It is a serious thing, this being sixty—looks as if it were time to say good-night. But it is an endless comfort that with the good-night will come a good-morning on the other side. The day was curiously celebrated. My damaged eye had become unbearable any longer, so I went up to Dixon to have it examined. His practised eye instantly detected, and his skilful hand extracted—what do you think, of all things in creation?—a fish scale! The pain had begun while I was sketching the falls of the Tummel at Pitlochrie, a well-known salmon leap. There was a brisk breeze blowing from the fall, and it must have carried into my eye a scale which was tossed in the spray. During the five weeks it had been in it had got worn down, till it was quite thin, and just like a little watch-glass; it was springy, and, when touched with an iron point, as we were examining it, hopped away."

A few days before his death in the January following, he wrote: "My own view is, a man who has lived to sixty has so much occasion for thankfulness, it ought to overpower every other feeling; so it has not occurred to me to be in low spirits."

Among his papers this memorandum was found: "When I am gone, and a tomb is to be put up, let there be these words:

DEVERSORIUM VIATORIS HIEROSOLYMAN PROFICISCENTIS,"  
*i.e.*, the inn of a traveller on his way to Jerusalem.

Writing to Field-Marshal Count Von Roon in 1875, Bismarck said: "I am now an old man of sixty, an age at which men continue to live only in their children."

In 1882 Lord Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice of England, wrote to a friend: "You will have seen how Tait is dying slowly. He was my tutor at Balliol. And Montague Bernard is dying too; one of my oldest and

60th  
Birth-  
day.

most intimate friends. A long and happy chapter of my life will be shut up. These same crosses spoil me, as King Lear says. Of course one knows, as a matter of intellect, that life is uncertain—is at the best but so many years long: but that is a very different thing from the practical sense of it which comes when one has reached sixty, in beginning to be left behind by all those with whom we have run the race."

"Stirling, 15th October, 1876. Sabbath evening. Sixty years old! I must say *old* with a new emphasis, for I am beginning the last decade allotted to men who complete the normal period of human life. I cannot write the overwhelming thoughts that have filled my mind during some weeks in expectation of this day. Am I prepared to die? The past—how looks it now? The present—how is it with my soul before God? The future—what have I to do? How should I occupy the fragment of time that may yet be given me on earth? Lord, may this be to me a beginning of days!"

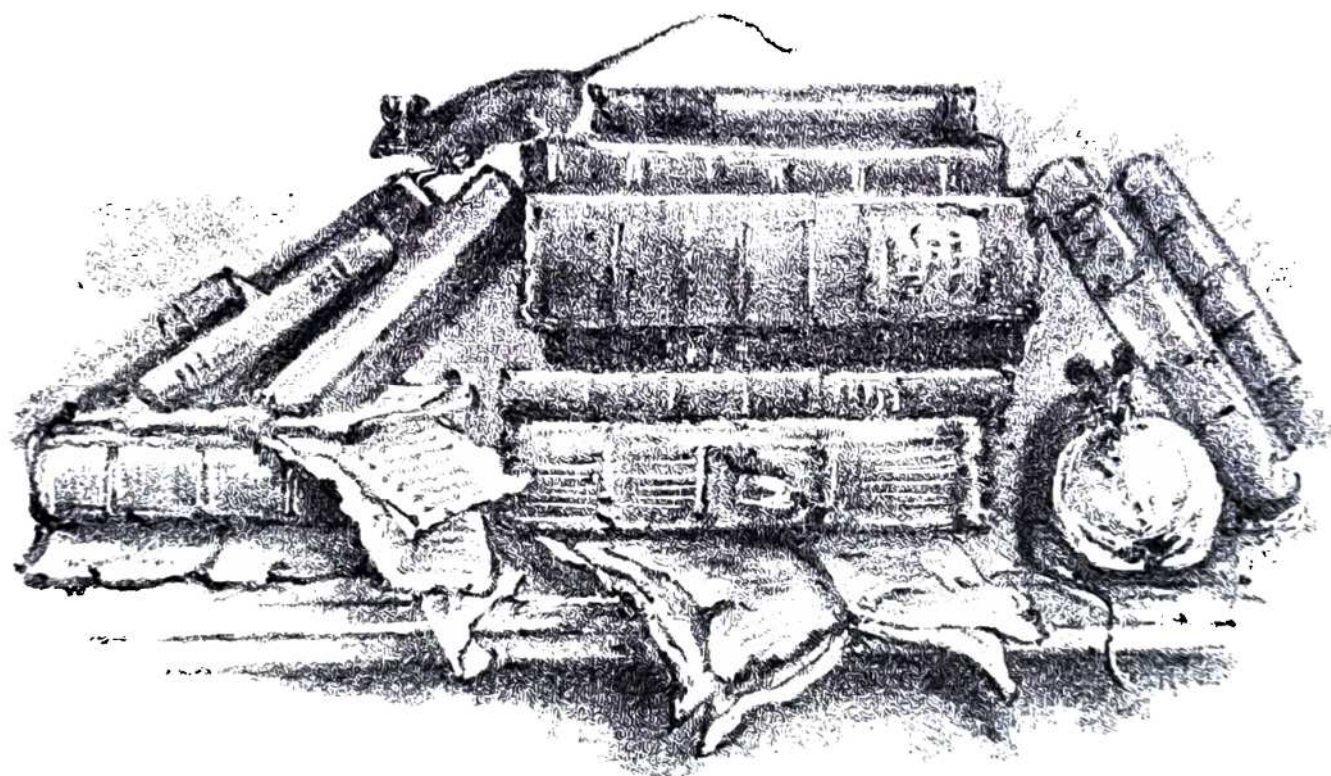
The same man a few years before had written thus in his Diary: "My four requests: light, peace with God, holiness, usefulness—and, Lord, in whatever order Thou seest best."—*Rev. W. Taylor (Autobiography of a Highland Minister)*. I think we may partly guess what God's order in this matter would be.

61st

The 61st birthday of the Rev. Edward Bickersteth, one of the leaders of the Evangelical party in the Church of England, father of the man who wrote the hymn, "Peace, perfect peace," was marked by a singular double coincidence. (Isn't it odd, by the way, that a thing should be both double and singular?) "March 19, 1847, I this day," he says in his Diary, "began my 62nd year: so long has my God saved me and preserved me. The last birthday was spent in my sick room, while slowly recovering; this birthday I am surrounded with many peculiar blessings. First; the birth, this morning, of my first grandchild, *born the same day as my father and myself!* It was a time of special answer to prayer. Glory be to God. Secondly, God is graciously prospering my little tract on the National Fast, to be observed on the 24th for the famine in Ireland. May it be owned of the Lord to help in bringing the nation to repentance! The blessings given to my dear children make our home one of special happiness and blessedness. These are some of my mercies. What is my return? Very unworthy, very inconsistent. If there be some outward zeal, O how little real communion, fervent prayer, and self-sacrifice, in seeking only the glory of Jesus! Lord, help me, even at sixty-one to begin to walk in newness of life."

The three-fold birthday reminds me of a family I know in which the father, mother, and their first baby have all the same birthday. It is the kind of thing that parents appreciate, but not children. They like a birthday all to themselves, and would rather have three separate feasts in the year than three conjoined on one day.





*A neglected bookshelf, "where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal."*

### A Good Samaritan.

*Ἐκβαλὼν δύο δηνάρια.*

*Ekbālōn duo denaria.*

#### CHAPTER I.

**W**HEN Mr. John Goodman got back to his office a little before noon his face was glowing with pride and satisfaction, and his partners noticed it.

"You look as if you had some good news to tell us," said one of them.

"No," he said, "but on my way I saw a man knocked over by a tramway car—a very bad smash indeed, but another man and I lifted him up and stopped a cab

and ordered the driver to take him to the Infirmary."

"Good for you, old man," said his junior partner, "I always said you would do something to justify that fine name of yours some day."

"But if you had heard the impudence the driver gave me! Says he, 'If I take the man to the Infirmary, will you pay me for it?' Well, by this time there would be a crowd of—oh! I am sure about forty or fifty people, and when they heard what he said, some of them cried 'Shame,' and one lady said, to him, 'You horrid man, is that all the thanks you give the gentleman for his kindness? You ought to be

proud and thankful to have it in your power to help a poor fellow-creature that has met with such a dreadful accident. I'm sure there isn't a person here except yourself whose heart isn't bleeding for this poor man. Shame to you! You should have been grateful to Providence for giving you such a glorious opportunity of doing good.'

'Hear, hear,' said a man in the crowd.

'It's easy to cry 'hear, hear,' and to say your heart's bleeding,' said the cabman, 'but you shan't bleed me. It means two shillings of time to me.' But just then a police-sergeant came on the scene and told him if he didn't stop his low, impudent talk, and take the man to the Hospital, it would be remembered against him next year when he applied for the renewal of his license. And so the cabman had to go. But if you had seen his face!"

"And that was all the thanks you got for being a good Samaritan!"

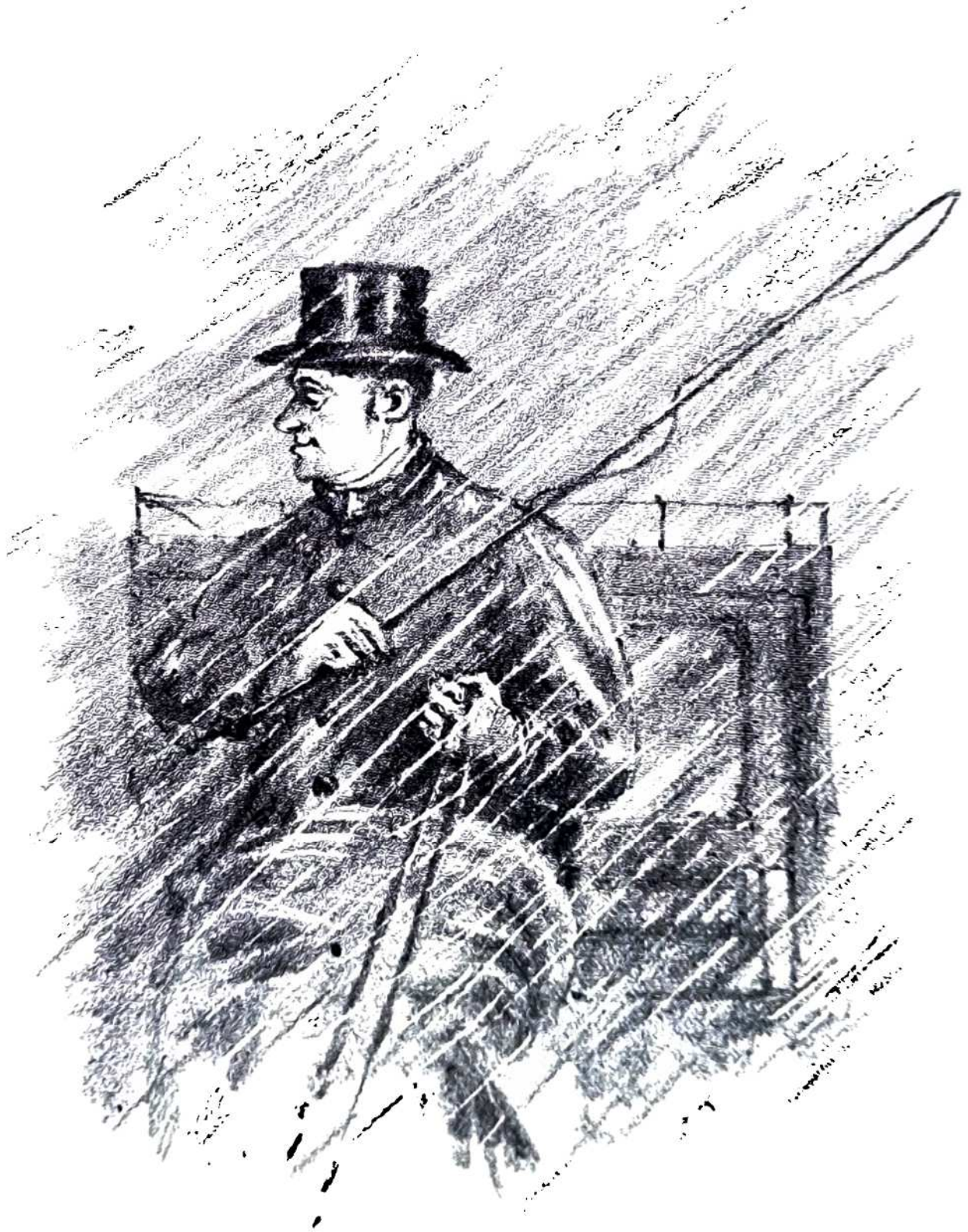
"I think it was all the thanks you deserved," said the senior partner. "The whole lot of you got a glorious opportunity from Providence, as the lady put it, and none of you took it, but you made him take it! It's easy cutting whangs out of other people's leather, as the proverb says. For all you know it may have lost that man two or three good fares, and I don't suppose it will have improved his cushions. That lady with the bleeding heart, I have no doubt, would go into a tea-shop and spend at least a shilling on ices and raspberry wafer biscuits to soothe her nerves. Don't you

think she and you might have made up half-a-crown between you, and then there would have been three good Samaritans?"

## CHAPTER 2.

That day turned out after all to be the best the cabman had had for more than a year. Just after he left the Infirmary—and he was still in a bad mood—a gentleman hailed him and said "Half-a crown to yourself if you catch the quarter-to-one boat!" and then three fine old ladies asked him to drive them along the shore, and they gave him his dinner and paid him handsomely besides, and trysted him for next day. And one or two other pieces of good fortune befel him, so that when he and his mates on the cab-stance at the Caledonian Station were waiting on the last train and the weather was just the very best that could be for them—lashing rain after a lovely day—you may be sure he was in rare good humour. If every day was like this, he said, 'he would soon be able to retire, and yet, he must confess, it hadn't promised well at the start. His first fare, if one could call it a fare, had brought him nothing but insolence and a ten minutes' lecture from an old lady, and another from a man that looked a gentleman but hadn't a gentlemanly inch about him. And Sergeant Sharpe had taken his name down. "Would you like to hear what the old lady said?" and then, for he was a bit of a mimic, he gave them her address on rejected opportunities of doing good, and then, for the mood began





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to grow on him, he imitated Mr. Goodman. And who should appear at that very moment but Mr. Goodman himself! "I've been hunting for you all afternoon and evening,

and they couldn't tell me at your office where you were. But I'm glad I've found you at last. I've come to beg your pardon for what I said to you when I was putting

that man that was knocked down into your cab, and if the cushions were spoilt in any way, tell your master to send in the account to me—there's my card—and please give this to your wife," and with that he slipped a five-shilling piece into his hand.

### CHAPTER 3.

But why did I put these three Greek words at the head of this story? and what do they mean? I put them there because I would like some of you to set your heart on learning that glorious language, glorious in many ways, but most of all for this, that it is the language of the New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. And I put the Greek there, too, because I think the printers like to show that they have Greek type, just as a good housewife likes to be called on to produce her best china (but you must not tell them I said that!).

And what do they mean? *Duo* means two, whence our word duet. *Denaria* is the plural of denarion, in Latin it is denarius, which means a penny, or rather, as the American Revised Version rightly translates it, a shilling. It was a silver coin, worth about ten pence, and was a fair day's wage in those far off times. Money, of course, varies in value in different countries and in different ages. I myself, for example, was once one of a party of five in Northern China. We had, besides, three Chinese servants, and eight horses or ponies. We had supplies of our own of tea and sugar and cocoa and condensed

milk—I think I still see the name of this last on the tin, "The Gale Border Eagle Brand," with solemn warnings against spurious imitations. We had biscuits, too, but our landlord provided flour and mutton and the little eggs of the country by the score, and provender for our beasts and food for our men and lodgings for all of us from Saturday to Monday, and all this for either fifteen or eighteen shillings, I can't remember which, and though I still have the bill, I cannot read it, alas! You must not therefore think the Samaritan a mean man. It is from this word denarius, by the way, that we get the D when we speak of £ s. d.

(When I speak of things that are cheap in China, you are to remember that the presents your friends bring home from that country, or that you think they might have brought, cost as much to buy there as here. But there are still things to be had very cheap, and the cheapest of all is a Bible-Colporteur. You can get one in China for a whole year—a missionary to your own account—for £10. So says Mr. Slowan, of the National Bible Society of Scotland, West George Street, Glasgow. He will sell you one with pleasure if you ask him!)

But I wish you specially to notice the first word *ekbalon*. It is a participle, though in our Bible it is translated *he took out*. The verb it comes from is one of the strongest expressions, if not the very strongest, in the New Testament. It means literally *to throw out*. It is the word that is used nearly thirty times



to describe the *casting out* of devils, and it is the word used by our Lord in John 6, 37, Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise *cast out*. It is as if He Who "hates putting away" were to say, Casting out is the last word in the world I would use if I could help it. It is also the word that is used when we are told in Mark that the Spirit *drove* our Lord into the wilderness to be tempted. That means that the Son of God Who has taught us to pray, "Lead us not into temptation," so shrank Himself from temptation that He would not have faced it unless the Holy Ghost had laid it upon Him as a thing it was absolutely necessary for Him to endure. And yet how often you and I have loved temptation and gone in its way! You see, therefore, that this is indeed a strong word and it seems to imply this, that the good Samaritan not only took the pennies from his purse—"out with his money"—willingly and heartily but did it as one who neither expect-

ed nor wished to see them again. People would have said it was money "thrown away." But the good Samaritan not only made no bargain with the man, but gave the landlord a free hand: "Whatsoever thou spendest more, I, when I come back again, will repay thee." And how magnificently, a hundred times an hundred-fold, Christ has been repaying him from that day to this!

#### CHAPTER 4.

But we must finish Mr. Goodman's story. The man who was knocked over in the street turned out to be richer than he looked, and when he got better he too searched the cabman out and gave him another five-shilling-bit. "It was the best day's work I ever did," the cabman said, "though I did it against my will, and though that old lady was not the one that had the right to give it me, that yarn of hers about Providential opportunities was true, and I hope I shan't forget it."

### Reasons for not going to Church. 14th Series.—No. 9.

*This man, who has won the first prize for the Sword Dance at the County Gathering for five years, and has taken the Medal for the Best Dressed Highlander for three years in succession, does not go to Church partly because of rheumatism which, he says, completely cripples him at times; and partly because he has no suitable clothes. If he goes in ordinary dress, Visitors are disappointed, and his own reputation and that of his whole Clan suffer in consequence; and if, on the other hand, he wears his prize costume, Visitors pay more attention to him than to the Minister, and nobody gets any good of the sermon.*





1	S	To the weak became I as weak.— <i>1 Cor. 9, 22.</i>
2	M	Encourage the fainthearted, support the weak.— <i>1 Thess. 5, 14, R.V.</i>
3	TU	Admonish him as a brother.— <i>2 Thess. 3, 15.</i>
4	W	Who can bear gently with the ignorant and erring.— <i>Heb. 5, 2.</i>
5	TH	Restore such a one in a spirit of meekness; <i>Gal. 6, 1, R.V.</i>
6	F	Looking to thyself. "I never knew a man make a mistake in the cricket field, but Dr. W. G. Grace—the greatest of all cricketers—had a kind word to say to him, and an excuse for him."— <i>Lord Harris.</i>
7	S	For in many things we all stumble.— <i>James 3, 2, R.V.</i>
8	S	I have chosen you that ye should bring forth fruit.— <i>John 15, 16.</i>
9	M	My money . . . with interest.— <i>Luke 19, 23, R.V.</i>
10	TU	I seek for the fruit that increaseth to your account.— <i>Phil. 4, 17, R.V.</i>
11	W	Fruitful in every good work.— <i>Col. 1, 10.</i>
12	TH	Some a hundred fold, some thirty.— <i>Matt. 13, 23.</i> "The limits of the land on which they stood are carefully described on the Babylonian Boundary Stones, together with the amount of seed it was calculated to produce."— <i>L. W. King's Boundary Stones in the British Museum.</i>
13	F	Seeing a fig tree He came, if haply He might find anything.— <i>Mk. 11, 15.</i>
14	S	Autumn trees without fruit, twice dead.— <i>Jude 12.</i>
15	S	They found Jesus in the temple.— <i>Luke 2, 46-49.</i>
16	M	Wist ye not that I must be in My Father's house?— <i>R.V.</i>
17	TU	Thomas was not with them when Jesus came.— <i>John 20, 24.</i> "Hoffmann—a distinguished German man of science—told me that he called one Sabbath forenoon at Lord Kelvin's in Glasgow. 'Is Lord Kelvin at home?' 'He certainly is not, sir,' said the maid. 'Can you tell me where I may find him?' 'You will find him in the church, sir, where you ought to be.'"— <i>Governor White of Cornell.</i>
18	W	Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house,
19	TH	And the place where Thy glory dwelleth.— <i>Ps. 26, 8, R.V.</i>
20	F	A day in Thy courts is better than a thousand.— <i>Ps. 84, 10.</i>
21	S	Let us go into the house of the Lord.— <i>Ps. 122, 1.</i>
22	S	He shall sit as a refiner and purifier.— <i>Mal. 3, 3.</i>
23	M	Ye shall have tribulation ten days.— <i>Rev. 2, 10.</i>
24	TU	The vessel was marred, he made it again another vessel.— <i>Jer. 18, 4.</i>
25	W	I shall come forth as gold.— <i>Job 23, 10.</i> "I invariably play with a remade ball. It possesses new life, flies better, is the superior of a new ball in every respect. It has been played with, then softened, remoulded, placed on one side that it may become seasoned and then painted. It is then in a condition to give the best results."— <i>Golf by J. H. Taylor 3 times Open Champion.</i>
26	TH	Purified, and made white, and tried.— <i>Dan. 12, 10.</i>
27	F	Acceptable to God, and approved of men.— <i>Rom. 14, 18.</i>
28	S	When thou hast turned again, stablish thy brethren.— <i>Luke 23, 32, R.V.</i>
29	S	The Ancient of Days.— <i>Dan. 7, 9.</i>
30	M	God seeketh again that which is passed away.— <i>Ecc. 3, 13, R.V.</i> "'Thirty days hath September'—and they are ended."— <i>Longfellow's Diary.</i>

October, 1912.

One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXV.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

NO. 10.



**Lost on Crocdubb.**



## The Morning Watch Volume for 1911.

PRICE, ONE SHILLING.

*Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.*

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Ludgate Hill, E.C.*

### Ezekiel's "Send-Off."

*Then the Spirit lifted me up, and I heard behind me the voice of a great rushing.—Ezekiel 3, 12. R.V.*

MR. ANNAND of Tien-tsin, one of the agents of the National Bible Society of Scotland, told me once that the Chinese have a phrase—*Pu ying pu sung*—which describes the height of bad manners. It means "neither received nor escorted," and describes a man who treats his guests shabbily, who neither meets them properly at his door or before they come to his door, nor goes a bit of the road with them when they go away. We have all seen a group of people on a railway platform, or at a quay, bidding a lad good-bye and wishing him a safe journey. We say, he must be going abroad, what a lot of friends he has, and what a fine-looking company they are! Aren't they giving him a good send off?

Ezekiel was setting out on a journey with a hard, hard task before him, and his heart was sore.

The Cherubim, as it were, came to set him forward on his journey, as the apostle John puts it "worthily of God," and they came in all their glory. They are described as "living creatures," immortal, and therefore for ever young; full of eyes, observant, watchful, kindly, wise; like mighty whirling wheels, instant and quick in movement; majestic, irresistible, they turn not as they go, and they fly swiftly; ever ready, they lose no time in setting off; they never blunder, they never miss their way. Ezekiel heard them rushing, like one out of the hosts of God; rushing because they were eager and willing and glad, rushing with the impetus born of their last high task.

But there is one other specially beautiful thing that is told of them. "I heard the noise of the wings of the living creatures as they kissed one another," for that is the proper meaning of the word that is, I think unfortunately, translated touch. The Hebrew word is used thirty times in the Old Testament, and is translated twenty-eight times "kiss." In Genesis 41, 40, "according unto thy word shall all my people be ruled," it should also have been translated kiss, that is, do homage, just as in our own country men who are appointed to high office kiss the sovereign's hand. The wings of the Angels kiss one another. That means not only that they touch as horsemen do who ride knee to knee, so close are they; it means also that the joy they feel as they think of the holiness and redeeming love of God goes through every part of

their being, so that they thrill with emotion and delight. We know how much meaning and affection our Lord and all who loved Him could put into a touch. We know how a mother and her child draw close to one another when they share some thought or joy. And so it was with these Angels. Ezekiel was going forth to attempt a task

that was beyond their powers. And they were glad; so glad that they could not put their pleasure into words. They were not fit to do Ezekiel's work, but they could cheer him and admire him, and they would help him all they could. And God was going with the prophet, and He had asked the Angels to follow in His train.

## Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 101.)

62nd  
Birth-  
day.

"Sept. 18, 1771, Nine at Night. I am now come to my sixty-third year. For the last year I have been slowly recovering both from the violence of my last illness, and, I think, from the general disease of my life. My breath is less obstructed, and I am less interrupted in mental employment. . . . Indolence and indifference have been neither conquered nor opposed. No plan of study has been pursued or formed. But what is most to be considered, I have neither attempted nor formed any scheme of life by which I may do good, and please God. One great hindrance is want of rest; my nocturnal complaints grow less troublesome towards morning; and I am tempted to repair the deficiencies of the night. I think to try to combat indolence as I shall obtain strength. Perhaps Providence has yet some use for the remnant of my life."—*Dr. Samuel Johnson's Prayers and Meditations*. About this time we find him resolving "to read the whole Bible once a year, as long as I live."

On May 31, 1858, Mr. W. H. Prescott, the American historian, wrote from Boston to Lady Lyall in England: "It was a loving remembrance in you, that of my birthday. It shows you have a good memory, at least for your friends. Three score years and two is a venerable age, and should lead one to put his house in order, especially after such a thump on the cranium as I have had. I hope I shall round off three score years and ten, at least, before I get another. I was greatly cheered the other day by reading that Adam Ferguson, after a severe paralytic shock at fifty, survived on a vegetable diet to ninety-three, and wrote books too, which people still continue to read." Mr. Prescott had had an apoplectic seizure the previous February. He died the following January.

In 1888 Lord Dufferin—born June 21, 1826—wrote: "Alas! alas! these anniversaries are falling less and less welcome, and remind me more and more of the necessity of setting my house in order. Indeed, it is the sense of this latter obligation that has contributed



62nd  
Birth-  
day.

to my return from India before the close of my term, for there are a great number of things connected with my property, and also with my mother's correspondence, that I wish to get arranged before the curtain drops." He died in 1902.

On August 18, 1908, Rear-Admiral Robley Dunglison Evans retired after 48 years' service in the United States Navy, having reached the age limit of 62 years. He was known as "Fighting Bob." At the battle at Fort Fisher during the Civil War he received four rifle-shot wounds. In 1898 in the decisive battle of Santiago in the war with Spain he commanded the *Iowa*. On the day of his retiral the telegram which pleased him most was in these words: "For some of us, Skipper, your flag will always fly." To a friend who asked him how he felt, he said: "Fit as a fiddle. I am 62 years young to-day, and I expect to reach 100. I am taking on flesh at the rate of half-a-pound a day, and I have not got a thing to do but loaf. Who wouldn't feel well under such circumstances?"

I think I read in a San Francisco paper that he died in the spring of this year.

In old books we read a great deal about Climacteric years, and especially about the Grand Climacteric. The Greek word Climacter means the round of a ladder, a critical, dangerous step or turning point. All the years that were multiples of 7,—7, 14, 21, etc.,—were climacterical, but 63 was supposed to be a specially critical age, and men spoke of it as sailors do of the "roaring forties," that is, the region of the ocean that lies south of 40 degrees Southern Latitude, a region in which "the stormy winds do blow."

Lieutenant Illidge, of whose life Matthew Henry the Commentator has left a brief account, was for nearly 50 years an officer of the Cheshire Militia. In his youth, to his lifelong sorrow, he fell more than once into the sin of drunkenness, but by God's grace after a sore struggle he overcame all temptation to it. He chose for the motto of his notebook this sentence: "Piety is the way to prosperity, both now and hereafter." On Nov. 1, 1699, he wrote: "This, I understand, is my birthday. I now enter upon my climacterical year, sixty-three, a year in which it has been observed that many die; I have found, in reading lives, that Tertullian, Luther, Melancthon, and many others died in that year of their lives. Death is a debt I owe, and must pay ere long, whenever the great God demands it. Lord, I am willing to submit to Thy holy will; my time is short, my work is great, my strength is small: Lord, help me to improve that short minute of time which yet remains. I have lately set my house in order; and, I hope, have made an honest and equal distribution of that worldly estate my good God hath given me, endeavouring, in all things, to die with a good conscience, which will be comfortable in a dying hour." "I have now passed one month of the doubtful year, and am so much nearer my end. I endeavour to stand upon my guard, and to watch, because I am uncertain when my Lord cometh."

63rd  
Birth-  
day.

At the return of the year he writes : "I have now outlived the doubtful year ; and, I praise God, have meditated more of death this year than formerly. . . . A friend of mine, not long since, said, rejoicingly, 'Now I have outlived my climacterical year, I hope I may live a great while,' but yet died the year following. And I know death hath the same power over me this year that he had the last, only waits for a commission from Him in Whose hands are all men's lives. I hope I shall never live out of the expectation of death, while I continue on earth. . . . My glass is still running, my dissolution draws near, but the time is uncertain."

### Katie.

*And the LORD spake unto Moses that selfsame day, saying, Get thee up into this mountain, . . . and die in the mount whither thou goest up.—Deut. 32, 48.*

**I**N the parish of South Knapdale, in Argyllshire, on a hillside overlooking Loch Killisport, a little arm of the sea in the Sound of Jura, there stands a lonely cairn of white quartz. It can be plainly seen, shining out amidst the rocks and heather, from almost every direction, and the few inhabitants of that thinly peopled district are all very willing to tell its story.

On an April Saturday morning, twenty years ago, the little daughter of a shepherd employed on the farm of Cove wandered away from her mother's door. She had been in the habit of going down the hill to play with the children who lived in the cottages near the shore. Her mother, who had a baby, felt no anxiety till the afternoon wore on and snow began to fall heavily. She ran down to the cottages, but to her dismay found that her little daughter had not been there that day. A fruitless search along the river side, and in the wood, and by the shore was made. They never thought

the little feet could have climbed the rough mountain-side. Day after day they searched, till a whole week was past. Then, on the second Sabbath, from further parts of the county, folks came to help, and, forming a long line as beaters do when they are driving game, traversed hill and hollow, moor and glen.

They found little Katie lying in the snow, her cheek resting on her hand, just as if she had lain down and gently fallen asleep.

They laid her body in the little graveyard beside the river, and the stone over her tells the touching story in these words :—

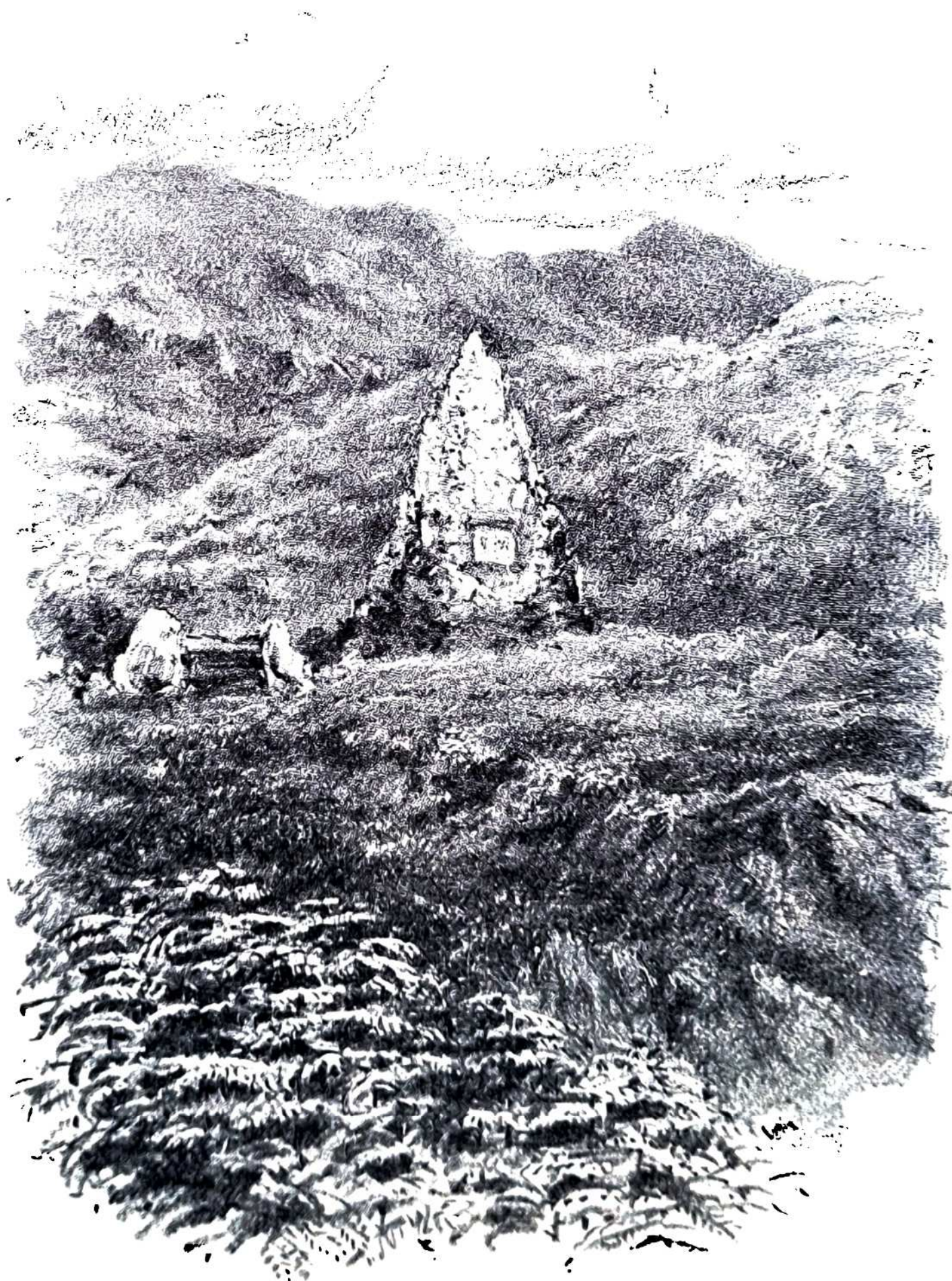
"Duncan M'Lellan, Shepherd, Cove. In Memory of his Daughter Katie, aged  $2\frac{1}{4}$  years, who strayed from home on 16th and was found dead on 24th April, 1892, on Crocdubh, Lochhead. A Cairn of Stones marks the spot where she was found."

The Cairn on the hill simply bears her initials, C.M.

Her people have long since left the place, but the memory of the lost child lingers on among her native hills.

Doesn't it seem strange that the



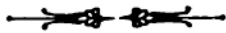




child of the shepherd, whose life was spent in caring for his master's sheep and lambs, should herself perish on the hills her father knew so well? But the Chief Shepherd had gathered her safely in His Own arms.

Old people are "afraid of that which is high," but something seems to draw children to the heights, towards heaven which is their home.

No history could be less like that of Moses, in almost every way, than hers. She had no share in the mid-time of his days, but her brief span of life took in both the beginning and the end of his. "Behold, the babe wept." "And Moses went up into the mountain and died there." One wonders if she had any fear. And what vision did she have through her tears before she saw the King in His beauty and found herself singing the song of Moses and the Lamb?



Mrs. Genners.

*To what purpose is this waste?  
Matt. 26, 8.*

#### CHAPTER I.

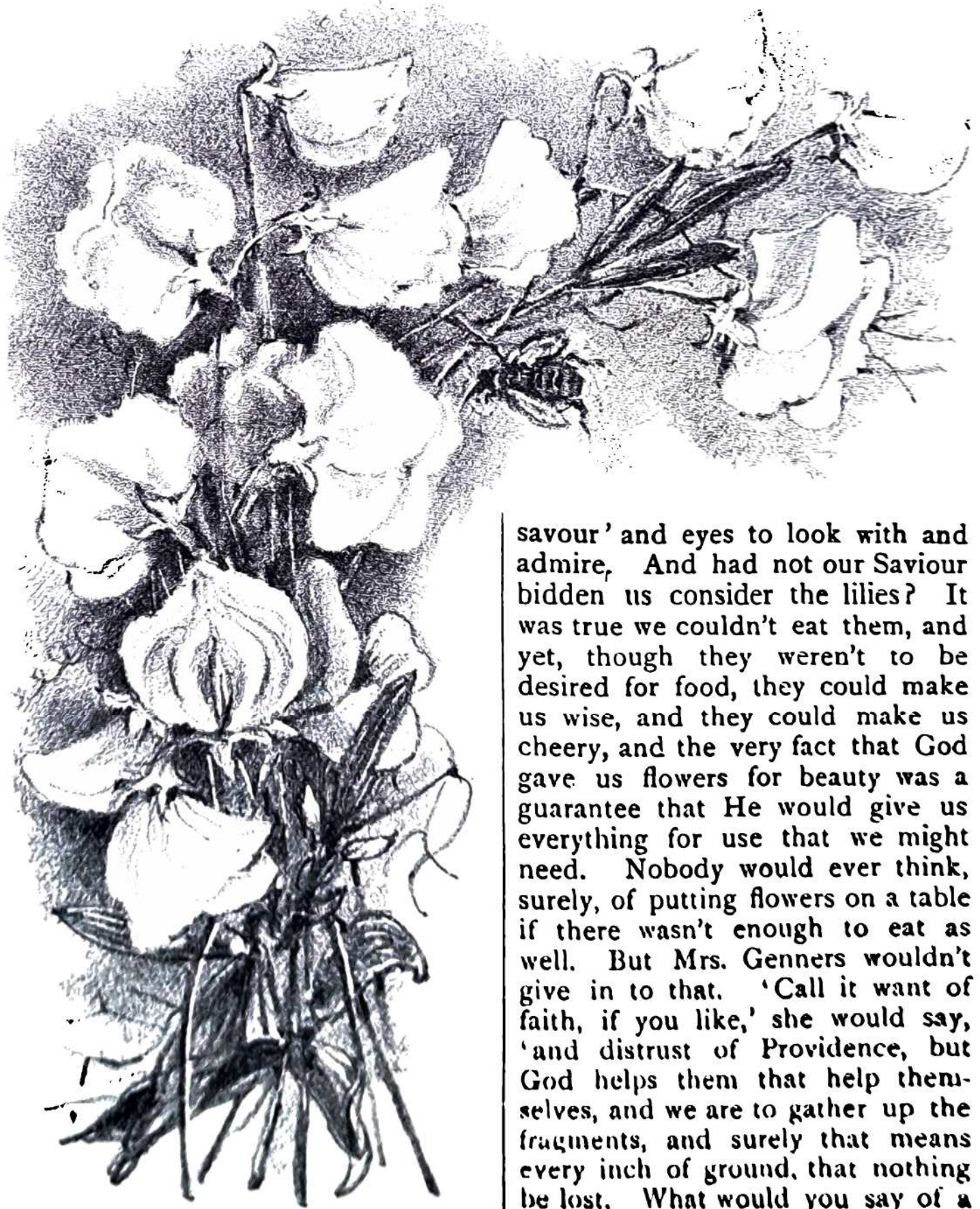
THERE is an epitaph in a churchyard in Dumfries which closes a long list of some one's virtues with "etc.", a word which looks strangely out of place on a tombstone. Does it mean that time and stone would fail to tell them all? or that the qualities left unmentioned were, though good in their way, somewhat insignificant?

If one had been speaking about Mrs. Genners, one would have said,

"Oh yes! a decent, hard-working, honest body, and one might have added, etc., etc., and the words would have meant, that she had a number of other good points if one had just a little time to think them out. She had had a struggle to make ends meet all her days; her face, her hands, her voice, all showed it, and her garden showed it as much as anything. It wasn't very big—thirty feet by ten—but there wasn't a wasted inch in it. She nourished it well with the scrapings she gathered, as was right and proper, from the road. Some of her neighbours were too proud for that. But somehow their vegetables were always better than hers, and more plentiful, too, though they all had a border or a bed of flowers that took up space, while she had none. What was the use of flowers? she would say. What good did their marigolds, and their sweet-william, and their blue-bonnets, and their southern-wood, do them? She didn't grudge any one half-a-cabbage to make broth with, or a stalk or two of rhubarb for their children, but she wasn't going to grow stuff to feed other people's bees—greedy things that they were. There was one bee in particular that she saw frequenting the garden next to hers; she was affronted every time she looked at it. The amount of honey it carried away was most provoking to look at. No; she wanted none of their flowers.

"But they are bonnie to look at, and nice to smell, and the God that gave us mouths to eat was the same God that had given us 'noses to





savour' and eyes to look with and admire. And had not our Saviour bidden us consider the lilies? It was true we couldn't eat them, and yet, though they weren't to be desired for food, they could make us wise, and they could make us cheery, and the very fact that God gave us flowers for beauty was a guarantee that He would give us everything for use that we might need. Nobody would ever think, surely, of putting flowers on a table if there wasn't enough to eat as well. But Mrs. Genners wouldn't give in to that. 'Call it want of faith, if you like,' she would say, 'and distrust of Providence, but God helps them that help themselves, and we are to gather up the fragments, and surely that means every inch of ground, that nothing be lost. What would you say of a farmer that planted roses here and there in his turnip field? Answer me that question!'



## CHAPTER 2.

It was the evening of a lovely day in early spring. But Mrs. Genners' next door neighbour's husband was in rather a grumpy mood. On his way home from a funeral the head gardener at the big house had given him eight seeds of an unusually fine sweet pea that had just come into the market. He had put them into his waistcoat pocket and had then forgotten all about them. The waistcoat had been carefully brushed in the garden close to the boundary paling, the moment he came home in the afternoon. Six of the seeds had disappeared. "And what would the head gardener say? That was what came of that perpetual brushing of things and laying them past." To which his wife answered that if it hadn't been for her care, would that suit of his, that was the envy of all the women round-about the place, have lasted one-and-thirty years, and still be as good as the day he bought it?

"Ah well, it's little you know, but one of these seeds might have had flowers that would have won the £1,000 prize that was advertised

in all the papers. And what will Mrs. Genners say when she finds that an enemy has gone and sown tares amongst her vegetables?"

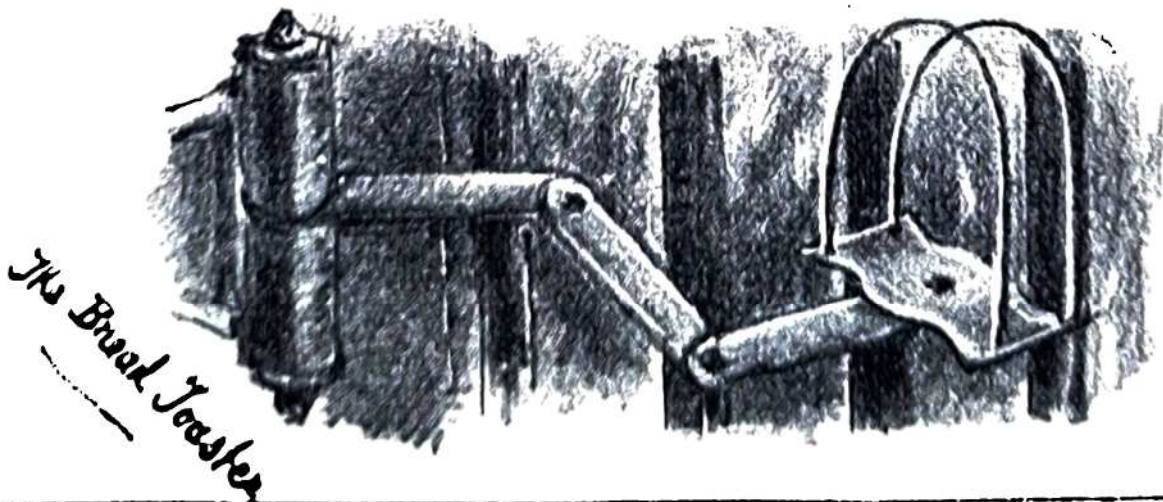
## CHAPTER 3.

Mrs. Genners was certainly far from pleased when she saw sweet peas growing in her garden. The space they occupied might have held a cabbage or six or seven leeks. Indeed she was for pulling them up when she saw they were not peas for eating, but at her neighbour's urgent request she not only let them remain, but took care of them, and lovely blooms they were!

How it was I don't know—whether the beauty of the peas touched her heart and made her face smile so pleasantly that it was as good as five extra degrees of heat for the plants, or whether it was just God's way of trying to soften her a bit—but her vegetables that year prospered exceedingly. They seemed to feel an atmosphere of benevolence about them that they had never before observed.

## CHAPTER 4.

It was an Autumn holiday in a neighbouring big town, and a woman





and her husband and two little ones stopped to gaze at the little clump of peas, and gazed so wistfully that Mrs. Genners gave them all the flowers that were left.

Now if this were an ordinary novel you would be told that in a year or two the produce of those peas actually won a £1,000 prize; but they didn't! But something else happened, for six months after, at the Spring holiday, the man and his wife and two little ones passed again.

"Do you remember giving us some sweet peas last September? Well, we kept them as long as we could, giving them fresh water every day, and you have no idea how much they were admired. Well, my man here was making a bread-toaster for a cousin that was getting

married. And he said, 'Do you know, I've a mind to make one for the woman that gave us the flowers.' It's a real handy useful kind of thing. You just fasten it to the hinge of your oven door, or if you haven't an oven, you can fasten it another way to one of the ribs of the grate, and it comes out and in, zig-zag, as far as you wish it, and while the bread's toasting you can be doing other things, and you don't burn your hands the way you do with a fork. We'll be real well-pleased if you'll accept it as a little acknowledgment of your kindness. But we are in a hurry to catch the train, so we'll bid you good-bye, and many thanks."

Mrs Genners now says there's no denying that there's some use in flowers after all.

## Reasons for not going to Church. 14th Series.—No. 10.

*When their father and mother went to church last Sabbath these children were told "to see and be good and read the Bible and learn your Psalm." The children were not taken because it was Communion Sabbath. Yet if there is one day in all the year in which children ought to be and would like to be in church, surely it is the day on which we show forth the Lord's death. On other days they HEAR things which they do not quite take in, but on this day everything is different and they SEE things. And what mother is there that is not proud to tell us on week days how noticing her little one is, and what wonderful questions he is always putting?*

*When God commanded the Israelites to eat the Passover, did He not promise that their children would say, "What mean ye by this service?" Even so He teaches children now to ask what the people at the Lord's Table are doing. "Why do they eat the bread and drink out of the same cup?" And it will be their father's and their mother's high honour and joy to tell them about the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.*





1	TU	Thou hast put gladness in my heart.— <i>Ps. 4, 7.</i> “We will try to make October a pleasant month.”— <i>Dr. Johnson's Letters, 31 Aug., 1772.</i>
2	W	Gladness is sown for the upright in heart.— <i>Ps. 97, 11.</i>
3	TH	The Lord taketh pleasure in those that hope in His Mercy.— <i>Ps. 147, 11.</i>
4	F	Well is it with the man that dealeth graciously.— <i>Ps. 112, 5. R.V.</i>
5	S	The river of Thy pleasures.— <i>Ps. 36, 8.</i>
6	S	Elizabeth's neighbours rejoiced with her.— <i>Luke 1, 58.</i> “Having a piece of Land to sell Themistocles willed the crier to proclaim it in the market place, and to add that the land lay by a good neighbour.”— <i>Plutarch's Lives.</i>
7	M	Thou shalt not remove thy neighbour's landmark.— <i>Deut. 19, 14.</i>
8	TU	Thou shalt surely rebuke thy neighbour.— <i>Lev. 19, 17.</i>
9	W	Nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour.— <i>Ps. 15, 3.</i>
10	TH	Let each one of us please his neighbour . . . unto edifying.— <i>Rom. 15, 2. R.V.</i>
11	F	Let thy foot be seldom in thy neighbour's house.— <i>Prov. 25, 17.</i>
12	S	In that day shall ye call (that is, invite) every man his neighbour under the vine and under the figtree.— <i>Zech. 3, 10.</i>
13	S	The Spirit of truth, Which proceedeth from the Father.— <i>John 15, 26.</i>
14	M	The Spirit of truth, Whom the world cannot receive.— <i>John 14, 17.</i>
15	TU	What shall be done more unto thee, though deceitful tongue?— <i>Ps. 120, 3. R.V.</i>
16	W	Ye shall not respect persons in judgment.— <i>Deut. 1, 7.</i>
17	TH	I know not to give flattering titles.— <i>Job 32, 22.</i> “Alex. MacKenzie (dead 1825). This man, when he was a midshipman, used to sneak after the lieutenants (i.e., fawned, cringed); when made a lieutenant, sneaking after the captains; and when made a captain, was at his old tricks, sneaking after the admirals.”— <i>Navy Records: Recollections of Commander J. A. Gardner.</i>
18	F	The Lord shall cut off all flattering lips.— <i>Ps. 12, 3.</i>
19	S	A fool's lips are the snare of his soul.— <i>Prov. 18, 7.</i>
20	S	There appeared an Angel unto Him from heaven, strengthening Him.— <i>Luke 22, 43.</i>
21	M	As thy days, so shall thy strength be.— <i>Deut. 33, 25.</i>
22	TU	Having done all, to stand.— <i>Eph. 6, 13.</i> “When we have walked, played, or worked <i>enough</i> , we desist. But if an unusual necessity forces us to press onward, a surprising thing occurs. The fatigue gets worse up to a certain critical point, when gradually or suddenly it passes away, and we are fresher than before. <i>We have evidently tapped a level of new energy.</i> ”— <i>Prof. James.</i>
23	W	They go from strength to strength.— <i>Ps. 84, 7.</i>
24	TH	Hast thou not heard that the everlasting God fainteth not?
25	F	He giveth power to the faint.— <i>Is. 40, 28-31.</i>
26	S	They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.
27	S	Through Him we have access by one Spirit unto the Father.— <i>Eph. 2, 18.</i>
28	M	Whatsoever ye do, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus,
29	TU	Giving thanks unto God and the Father by Him.— <i>Col. 3, 17.</i> “Dr. Johnson reproved me once for saying grace without mentioning the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.— <i>Dr. Maxwell, assistant preacher at the Temple.</i>
30	W	For of Him, and through Him, and unto Him, are all things.
31	TH	To Him be the glory for ever. Amen.— <i>Rom. 11, 36. R.V.</i>

November, 1912.

One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXV.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. 11.



*"When the Rabbit was promised Beans he produced a Basket."*  
—Native African Proverb.



The MORNING WATCH Volume for 1912 will be ready, if all is well, on the 20th November. Price, One Shilling.

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Ludgate Hill, E.C.*

*When Thou saidst, Seek ye My face,  
my heart said unto Thee, Thy face,  
Lord, will I seek.—Ps. 27, 8.*

THE negro's proverb quoted on the previous page, "When the Rabbit was promised beans he produced a basket," was used lately by Mr. Daniel Crawford, F.R.G.S., the African Missionary and Explorer, when speaking of the negro's vice of lying. As he cannot write, the negro can put nothing down in black and white. Promises are made but to be broken; they are valid only at the moment they are uttered. Art thou promised beans? produce thy basket there and then and carry them off, otherwise thou shalt never see them!

It is a clever saying, but like many other proverbs it is as often false as true, and the advice it gives is not always to be taken.

A young lieutenant, they say, once picked up something which Napoleon had let fall. Napoleon,

not noticing his rank, said, "Thank you, Captain!"

"In which regiment, Sire?" the officer instantly replied, and, one may suppose, his smartness justified the suddenness of his promotion. He had been offered beans, and he in one instant had produced his basket.

Colonel Walker in his "Recollections of Military Life" tells of a Captain Portal, who, while at dinner on board ship in the Black Sea during the Crimean War, said, "I'll take a shilling for any prize money I'll get." Whereupon a Major Lowe, who was at the table with him, at once pulled out a shilling, handed it over to him, and clinched the bargain. Captain Portal, no doubt, did wrong in speaking so dishearteningly—and that is a great crime in time of war—yet one feels that Major Lowe was sharp enough, to say the least.

Once in a golf match at St. Andrews, when "Old Tom Morris" was going to try a putt that seemed simply impossible, an old and by no means wealthy officer, who was playing with him, said, "I'll give you £50 if you do it." And Morris did it! and the old gentleman sent him the money next day, but Morris, equally honourable, refused it, saying that the words had been uttered only in jest. Morris was one of the greatest and undoubtedly the most respected of the players of his time. He would let no one play on the Sabbath, and, though more than once tempted, would never play himself on the Fast-day that in

olden times was kept during the Communion week.

In dealing with men, one may safely say, it is not always well to produce one's basket the moment an offer is made. People, unhappily, do not always mean what they say, and we act wisely by giving them time to think and, if need be, change their mind. I knew a lad who made a family his enemies on his first introduction to them because, when they told him they hoped he would come some night to see them, he answered on the spot, "What night?"

But when we deal with God we do well to take Him at His word. For He means all He says. He is a

cheerful Giver, and He loves an instant receiver. Just as Benhadad's servants, when they went to plead for their master's life and heard the King of Israel say, "Is Benhadad yet alive? he is my brother," did hastily catch the word, and said, "Thy brother Benhadad," so when God says to us, "My son, give Me thy heart," we should that very moment say, "O Lord, truly I am Thy servant; I am Thy servant, and the son of Thine handmaid.

"They said unto Him, Rabbi, where dwellest Thou? He saith unto them, Come and ye shall see. *They came therefore and saw where He abode; and they abode with Him that day.*" That was a good basketful each of these two disciples got!

## Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 113.)

63rd  
Birth-  
day.

When Philip Henry was in the 63rd year of his age, says his son Matthew Henry, "which is commonly called the grand climacteric, and hath been to many the dying year, and was so to his father, he numbered the days of it, from August 24, 1693, to August 24, 1694, when he finished it. And when he concluded it, he thus wrote in his Diary: 'This year finished my commonly dying year, which I have numbered the days of, and should now apply my heart more than ever to heavenly wisdom.'" He died in 1696.

From the Diary of the Rev. Charles Simeon, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and an eminent evangelical preacher: "Sept. 24, 1822. Who would have thought, especially for the last sixteen years, that I should ever live to this day? I myself should almost as soon have expected to attain the age of Methuselah as to see this day—my Climacteric (63). I spent this day as I have for these 43 last years, as a day of humiliation; having increasing need of such seasons every year I live. My strength and vigour both of mind and body seem to increase with years: and I bless my God my work is as delightful to me as at any period of my life."



63rd  
Birth-  
day.

"Friday, 17th March, 1843.—Dr. Chalmers completed his sixty-three years of age. Congratulated him on reaching his grand climacteric; he said, 'Ah! sir, it is a serious and important period of a man's life'—alluding to the physical constitution, and to the effect of the advance of years on the mental powers. Heard him lecture to his Theological Class—his students cheered him on his entry—they had breakfasted together in honour of the day."—*Reminiscences of Dr. Chalmers by John Anderson.*

From Maria Hare's Journal, in *Memorials of a Quiet Life*: "Nov. 24, 1861. My 63rd birthday is just passed, and it brings with it a long register of mercies past, of sins forgiven, and of prayers answered. Should it not encourage me to cast every present care, anxiety, and want on Him Who has so blest me?"

"October 1, 1877. Another birthday brings what is called the grand climacteric; but why? I have to thank God for health and every conceivable blessing. While such is the case, the returns of birthdays *are* happy, nor are they clouded in any domestic quarter. I sometimes wonder if I should not be happier if I were free from office and the House of Commons."—*Diary of Gathorne Haray, First Earl of Cranbrook.*

In 1880 Mr. Jowett, the Master of Balliol, wrote: "Age is the chief cause of my despondency. I fear that I shall not be able to accomplish all that I desire. I must economize time and health, and get my work done. I must commune with myself about this, but speak to no one. In weakness I must be passive and go to sleep, and seize only favourable moments.

"Greater silence, greater dignity; moving slowly to death; of that I would wish to carry the impression always. My life has been such a waste of vanity and egotism, that I must make the most of the remaining fifteen years.

"I desire nothing and can have no further disappointments, except the non-completion of my work. This I go to fulfil. Working and resting, diet, place of abode, must always be directed to this end. *Aetatis* sixty-three I feel very old.

"I must do the utmost for my friends by kindness and correspondence. The great want of life can never be supplied, and I must do without it."

In the phrase "the remaining fifteen years" he refers to the years God added to Hezekiah's life. He means such additional years as God might give to him. The word *aetatis* means *of my age*, and we have to supply another Latin word before it, *anno*, *in the year*. He lived thirteen years after writing these words.

Professor Huxley, writing to Sir Joseph Hooker on May 4, 1888, said: "It is a great comfort to me that you liked my paper on Darwin. I am getting nervous over possible senility—63 to-day, and nothing of your evergreen ways about me." He died in 1895.

63rd  
Birth-  
day.

The Rev. Edward Thring, of Uppingham, whom many consider to have been the greatest schoolmaster of his time in England, wrote on November 29, 1884, his 63rd birthday: "My birthday. A happy day." The night before, he had written: "It is many years since I have felt so happy—so free from care I mean. God is bringing His work to a happy end for me and mine, I believe." He lived for other three years. Part of the inscription on a brass tablet set up to his memory in the School Chapel runs thus:

*"Honour the Work, and the Work will Honour you."*

**The Late Mr. W. J. Slowan.**

IN the September number of *The Morning Watch*, in speaking about the bargains that many people think are to be had for nothing in the East, I said that one of the best and cheapest things to be had in China, or indeed in all the world, was a Bible-Colporteur. You can have one, a messenger of the Covenant, an angel of the Lord, for a whole year in China for only Ten Pounds, and many a man has spent more than that buying a gold watch or a gold chain, or a new kind of bicycle of which he had no need. I told you further that, if you wished to have a Colporteur to represent you in the Mission field, you could have one and a share here and hereafter of all that Colporteur may do or try to do for God, by writing to Mr. Slowan, the Secretary of the National Bible Society of Scotland, West George Street, Glasgow.

Mr. Slowan died on the 15th of last month, in the 83rd year of his age.

The last time I heard him speak—less than a year ago—he said a few words about serving Christ, the Work, the Welcome, and the "Well done"!

For fifty-two years he was the Bible

Society's Secretary, and much of that Society's marvellous success was due, under God, to him. What a welcome he would get and still is getting from a multitude of the redeemed of every kindred and tongue and people and nation who believed in Christ because of the Word he sent them! And to that number there will be daily added more and more as years and centuries roll on to the end of time.

And what a "Well done!" he is getting every day from God. Our "Well done's" to men, however hearty at the time we say them, are soon over. Speech fails, and memory fails, gratitude comes to an end, we lack time and we lack imagination, and our minds are taken up with new troubles and new interests. But God's "Well done!" goes on for ever.

To many a Bible Society Meeting this winter almost their chiefest joy will be awaiting, now that Mr. Slowan is to be absent, and absent for ever. He was a singularly winning speaker, with some quaint mannerisms due chiefly to his English birth, but mannerisms that we got to look for and to love. "Grace was poured into his lips" as became one whose daily task and constant theme was the sending





*William J. Sloan.*

forth of the Word of God. He had

"Learned its great language, caught its clear accents."

"He spoke and loosed our heart in tears." Yet the next moment he would change his key,

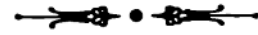
"Smiles broke from us, and we had ease."

I read lately in the life of Susan Warner, an American lady, that when she and her sister got "collecting" work to do when they were young, the furthest off districts were always given to them. There were no horse-cars in those days, and though most of the dear ladies who made out the lists had carriages of their own, never once did they offer to give them a ride in one—"holiness on the bells of their horses was not written plain enough for that."

That incident reminds me of one of the delightful little plays on words that Mr. Slowan fondly loved. It was a lady who was speaking to me of the first time she ever saw him—more than forty years ago. He was thanking a little company of his Society's collectors. "Some of you," he said, "have to collect from people who live in 'closes' and in tenements that have—oh such long stairs! You would rather have a district with terraces and crescents, but, remember, there is no 'crescent' that hasn't its 'cross' too!"

That is a small thing to remember, and perhaps, with war between the Christian and the Turk, this is not the time to recall a jest about the Crescent and the Cross. But it may serve to prove the point I wish to make—that no one could hear Mr. Slowan speak without carrying

away the memory of some striking phrase or some kindly gracious gesture.



*"Every boy of enterprise invents a whistle of his own."—The Life of Margaret Ogilvy.*

ONE afternoon, on my way home, about three years ago, I saw the late Rev. J. B. Thomson of Greenbank U.F. Church, Greenock, a good bit ahead of me. He was a man whose company made a long road short and any road delightful. I made what haste I could to catch up on him, but he walked fast, for he was tall and light of foot and had a springy gait. I did overtake him, however, and then I told him that I had thought of whistling on him to make him stop, knowing he would not take it ill, but—like the men in some town or other who told Queen Elizabeth there were nineteen things that kept them from ringing the bells when she came, the first of which was that they had no bells to ring—I had not whistled because the days of my whistling were past, and a futile whistle is indeed a "vanity of vanities, and a striving after wind." Mr. Thomson was well known all over the church for his knowledge of music. He had a fine tenor voice and he played well on three or four instruments, at least. I asked him if he had kept up his whistling powers. He smiled and said he thought he could still do a little that way. "Can you whistle with your fingers?" I asked.

"I think I could," he said.

"You might let me hear you."



"Wait till we get round the turn there, and see that there is no body coming."

When we got to the bend there was happily no one in sight but one man who had his back to us, and he was 350 yards away. "It's quite safe," I said. And at that Mr. Thomson put the ends of his forefinger and thumb to his lips and gave such a whistle as I never heard man or boy give for loudness in my life. The man in the distance turned round like a shot, and no wonder! And how Mr. Thomson blushed, while I laughed with envy and delight!

Whenever you get the chance you should read the Life of Joseph Thomson the African Explorer, a man greatly honoured and beloved for he was good as well as wise and brave. It was he of whom it was told that he carried a bottle of brandy with him to the very heart of Central Africa and brought it back untouched. And in those days, remember, it was firmly believed that no man need try to face the fevers and the fogs, the frost by night and the drought by day, the swamps and the drenching dews, without the frequent if not the daily use of the very strongest of strong drinks. It was his brother the minister who wrote his Life, and he did it worthily. Mr. Joseph Thomson, who was born in Penpont, Dumfriesshire, in 1858, was only 37 when he died in 1895. There was about him to the last a wonderful boyishness, and you can see, I hope, from what has been told you, that in this respect, as in many

others, the brothers were not unlike.

I have been looking up my dictionary and have been surprised at two things. 1. The Latin verb for whistling, *sibilare*, seems to be used chiefly for the voices of Nature, the whistling of the wind through the trees or through the cordage and the rigging of ships. One writer on farming, however, Columella, speaks of some one who whistled to call his cows together, and in Livy we are told how a young man Philemenus, who wished to betray the city of Tarentum in Southern Italy to the Carthaginian general Hannibal, used to give a whistle as a signal to the guards. We in modern times, when we speak of whistling, think chiefly of boys and birds, and it seems curious that the one whistle heard "down the corridors of time" for more than 2,000 years is the whistle of a conspirator by night! But that is one of the things that God has done for us through Christ. Ancient heathen books pay little reverence to boys, it is the Bible that has shown us how high a place they hold in the eyes of our Father in heaven.

2. The other curious thing to be seen in the dictionary is this, that the word for whistling in Latin, like *siffler* in French, is also the word for *hissing*. Christ has redeemed not only boys, but boys' voices, and all that belongs to them. He has bought back and sanctified their whole lost inheritance. For whistling is a great gift, and just as it is one of the ways in which "trees low and tall," according to the 148th





*"His Whistle was like winged words."*



Psalm, praise God, so it is one of the ways in which boys may praise Him too. It is good for their lungs and good for their throats, and it helps to train the ear. It is a way by which we can enter into close fellowship with the birds that sing and the winds that blow. It is a song without words, and sometimes a song too deep for words. It cheers the solitary little pilgrim and helps him to be brave, and it comforts his brother wayfarer who hears it far away. It proclaims his coming to his watching mother. It is an outlet to an overflowing heart.

"I do but sing because I must,  
And pipe but as the linnets sing."

It is a great gift of God, a talent given to the young, and surely like all the other gifts He gives, a gift without repentance, not a talent to be buried when we are no longer boys, but to be traded with till our latest day.

What rare whistling there will be in the Millennium when people shall have learnt to give all they are and have to God, body, soul, and

spirit; when the streets of our cities shall be full of boys and girls playing, singing, and whistling, and old men and women with staff in hand for very age joining in with their alto and their bass!

But the Millennium is not yet come; this is still an evil world, and there are times when we need to cry aloud, to warn of danger or summon help, and happy the man who at such a time can whistle loud and long, for a whistle carries further than a cry.

I hope, therefore, you will all be good whistlers to your latest day. But remember, if there is a time to whistle, there is also a time not to whistle, such as, when a neighbour is lying ill, or when mother has a headache, or when she simply asks you—not to!

And you must never practise the discordant, or the mocking, or derisive whistle, or the whistle impudent, or the low whistle that calls to some deed of darkness. Let all your whistling be such as becometh saints.

## Reasons for not going to Church. 14th Series.—No. 11.

*Miss Astonley, who cannot bear to be separated night or day from her half-dozen yelping "Prince Charlies," has not been going to church of late because there is a family of ten who sit some seats in front of her, and the cheeping of their boots as they go down the aisle "has completely got on her nerves." There are other people, strange to say, who declare that the church is worth going to if it were for nothing else than to see these eight children and their parents.*







1	F	Thy words were found, and I did eat them — <i>Jer. 15, 16.</i>
2	S	I am sent to shew thee glad tidings. — <i>Luke 1, 19.</i> "There were four men all dying in the small-pox ward one day, and as I slowly repeated text after text to them, I could hear " <i>that again</i> " from the poor swollen lips. — <i>Miss Margaret Telford, Voluntary Visitor for over 40 years to Glasgow Fever and Small-pox Hospitals.</i>
3	S	Bound in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God. — <i>1 Sam. 25, 29.</i>
4	M	I in them, and Thou in Me. — <i>John 17, 23.</i>
5	TU	I have no good beyond Thee. — <i>Ps. 16, 2. R.V.</i>
6	W	For to me to live is Christ. — <i>Phil. 1, 21.</i>
7	TH	Of one piece with the mercy-seat made he the Cherubim. — <i>Ex. 37, 8. R.V.</i> "D'ye mind me! a sailor should be every inch All as one as a piece of the ship." — <i>Old Sea Song.</i>
8	F	If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning — <i>Ps. 137, 5.</i>
9	S	Ye are in our hearts to die together and live together. — <i>2 Cor. 7, 3. R.V.</i>
10	S	Ye are all sons of light, and sons of the day. — <i>1 Thes. 5, 5. R.V.</i>
11	M	We are not of the night, nor of darkness. "The people have named Mr. Shirley's house Spite-hall, because built to intercept his neighbour's view of the Thames. It is dismal to think that one may live to 77 and go out of the world doing as ill-natured an act as possible." — <i>Horace Walpole's Letters: 1780.</i>
12	TU	Thou hast consulted shame to thy house. — <i>Hab. 2, 10.</i>
13	W	For the stone shall cry out of the wall.
14	TH	Neither do they which go by say, The blessing of the Lord be upon you. — <i>Ps. 129, 8.</i>
15	F	The light shall be dark in the wicked's tent. — <i>Job. 18, 6. R.V.</i>
16	S	Thou beholdest mischief and spite, to take it into Thy hand. — <i>Ps. 10, 14.</i>
17	S	And His face did shine as the sun. — <i>Matt. 17, 2.</i>
18	M	A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance. — <i>Prov. 15, 13.</i>
19	TU	The hypocrites disfigure their faces. — <i>Matt. 6, 16.</i>
20	W	Why is thy countenance fallen? — <i>Gen. 4, 6.</i> "Our Rear-Admiral from his austere disposition was nicknamed 'Old Vinegar.'" — <i>Commander Gardiner's Recollections.</i>
21	TH	His face was to fight — <i>2 Chron. 32, 2. R.V. Margin.</i>
22	F	They looked unto Him, and were lightened — <i>i.e., shone. — Ps. 34, 5.</i>
23	S	Changed into the same image from glory to glory. — <i>2 Cor. 3, 18.</i>
24	S	Thine heart shall tremble and be enlarged ("overpowered, elevated." — <i>Delitzsch</i> ) — <i>Is. 60, 5.</i>
25	M	My heart exulteth; my mouth is enlarged. — <i>1 Sam. 2, 1.</i>
26	TU	Our heart is enlarged (speaks "frankly, cordially"). — <i>2 Cor. 6, 11.</i>
27	W	Thou hast enlarged my steps under me (free manly bearing). — <i>Ps. 18, 36.</i>
28	TH	We shall be magnified (new fields of work opened up). — <i>2 Cor. 10, 15.</i>
29	F	We that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened. — <i>2 Cor. 5, 4.</i> He was set free by One Who soon or late Does from these corporal bonds enlarge us all. — <i>William Watson: The Heralds of the Dawn.</i>
30	S	These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth. — <i>Rev. 14, 4.</i>

December, 1912.

One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXV.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

NO. 12.



*"Where HAS the leaves from all the trees gone to?"*



NOW READY.

## The Morning Watch Volume for 1912.

PRICE, ONE SHILLING.

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Ludgate Hill, E.C.*

## The Balkan War.

*Who hath wrought and done it?  
I the Lord. I am He—Is. 41, 4.*

THAT the power of Turkey and of Mahomet in Europe should be laid low, not by Great Britain or an Alliance of Empires, but by those little Balkan kingdoms, and that in one short month, seems almost too strange to be true.

Is it not one more proof of the way God works? He chooses the foolish things of the world, to confound the wise; and the weak things of the world, to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are; that no flesh should glory in His presence.

And what can you and I do but pray to Him to finish His work and bring in the kingdom of His dear Son?

In our prayers let us remember all soldiers on the march and on the battlefield, praying, as Richard Cameron the Covenanter did three times before the fight at Ayrsmoss, "Lord, spare the green, and take the ripe!"

And let us not forget their mothers, and their wives, and the lovers they have left at home.

## Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 124.)

63rd  
Birth-  
day.

On June 19, 1889, his 63rd birthday, Charles Loring Brace, the American author and philanthropist—he was a lover of poor children—wrote to a friend: "Both of us must now feel that a very slight cause may call us away to the Unseen. I think of the future with wonder and curiosity. . . . The great anxiety is to make the remaining days the best and to finish up. Strange what happiness there is in life. How grateful I am for it to the Giver! I have a work where I never tire; an unceasing interest in intellectual things, a love of man and of Christ which grows with years." To his daughter he wrote: "I rowed the family over to the Palisades on my birthday, just as I did 33 years ago, in the heat. Pretty good for sixty-three!"

In a letter written to a friend in 1846, Mrs. Gilbert of Nottingham (Ann Taylor, one of the authors of *Hymns for Infant Minds*), wrote : "You know I was taken with an attack of 64 in January and do not think I have altogether recovered yet. Take care you do not catch the infection. I never saw it in any case completely got over." She died in 1866.

Dr. John Todd, 1800-1873, an American divine, author of *Lectures to Children, Students' Manual, etc.*, wrote thus to his wife on her 64th birthday : "My ever dear wife, it seems to be ordered by Divine Providence that I must be absent from you, the third time in succession, on your *birthday*. I was in hopes that it would not so happen again. . . . I have been recalling the mercies and blessings of my life ; and I assure you that to me you have been a greater blessing, and a deeper joy, than all other things put together. God bless you and reward you, my own dear Mary, for all that you have been to me thus far ; and whether we may walk hand in hand together much longer or not, we will fervently pray that we may hereafter never be separated. . . . You must not doubt my sincerity when I ask you to forgive all the frailties and unworthiness you have seen in me during the thirty-seven years of our married life."

Before strangers, it is interesting to know, and even at their own table, he and she always addressed each other as Mr. Todd and Mrs. Todd !

He was a very neat and tidy gentleman. Some one once counted how many times he washed his hands one day. The number was forty ! which is—how many times oftener than some of you boys do it ?

Dr. Charles Merivale, Dean of Ely, author of a *History of the Romans under the Empire* (died 1893, aged 85), began his Autobiography on March 7, 1872. "On this the eve of my sixty-fourth birthday anniversary it has occurred to me to put in writing, for the amusement of those who come after me, some record of my life and experience. I have been reminded more than once of late, by my own observation of myself, that I have arrived at the brink of the age of garrulity, when a man begins to think and talk a good deal, in season and sometimes out of season of his personal affairs, of his tastes and judgments and reminiscences. But I trust I have not yet sunk into the stage when garrulity degenerates into twaddle ; and it may be worth while, for the sake of those whom I love and who love me, to seize the interval, brief as it may be, and utilise it by making a few brief notes." After mentioning that his father's sixty-fourth anniversary was his last, a man every way stronger than himself, he adds : "I feel therefore that I hold my life in my hand ; but I shall be content, more than content, to surrender it whenever the good God Who has thus far sustained me shall be pleased graciously to demand it."



*And we all do fade as a leaf.—Is. 64, 6.*

“WHERE has the leaves from all the trees gone to?”

Of course that is bad grammar, but the little lad who put that question the other day, his mother tells me, is only two-and-a-half years old. And we should be thankful he did not say, “Where have the leaves *went* to?” That would have been a much greater mistake.

But it is a great question! Every leaf had a history, before it became a leaf, that goes away back, back to the creation. And leaves, of course, have their own strange histories the few days, or weeks, or months, during which they tarry on the tree. They help to feed the tree, they shield the birds, they are homes and hiding-places for insects past numbering, they charm our eyes, and they make music in the wind. Then when they fall, they make playthings for children and kittens and little

dogs, for “there is almost nothing that has such a sense of fun as a fallen leaf.” They make work for the gardener, too, but when they are fully decayed, they more than repay him by becoming the fine leaf-mould he finds so useful for his plants and flowers. And so their life, as it began with time, will go on, in ways that only God can know, till time shall be no more.

In all ages men have felt that we ourselves are not unlike the leaves. “As the outburst and fall of leaves, so are the generations of men.” To quote the words that Homer puts in the mouth of Diomedes, one of his great warriors:

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,  
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;  
Another race the following Spring supplies,  
They fall successive, and successive rise.  
So generations in their course decay,  
So flourish these, when those have passed away.



Dr Abernethy, a famous surgeon, once said to his students as he looked at them on the first day of a new session, "Gentlemen, what is to become of you all?" So, at the close of another year, as one thinks of you boys and girls, one cannot help going forward in imagination to the day when the question will be put concerning you, "Where have they all gone to?" "What became of them?" Some of you will live and die at home; some will be driven hither and thither; some of you as sailors, or engineers, or emigrants, will go round and round the world; many of you, I hope, will be missionaries in the dark places of the earth. That is the greatest thing that one could wish for you.

Of all of you the word *Gone* will be used one day, soon, or late; of some of you, it may be, within a year; of others of you, not till four score or even four score years and ten are past. But when that day comes, and the last of you, like "the two or three berries in the top of the uppermost bough" shall have passed away, I hope it may be said of you all—they are gone to be with Christ.



### How to Pray.

*And shall not God avenge His Own elect, which cry day and night unto Him? Luke 18, 7.*

**A** HUNDRED and eighty years ago there was a Lord Bath in England, who, according to one of the great letter-writers of that time,

was a hard man in his dealings. There was a tradesman once to whom he owed £800, but pay him the money he would not. The man determined to persecute him till he did. So one day he followed him to a Lord Winchilsea's, and sent up word that he wanted to speak with him. Lord Bath came down, and said, "Fellow, what do you want with me?"

"My money," said the man, as loud as ever he could bawl, before all the servants.

He bade him come next morning to his house, and then would not see him.

The next Sabbath the man followed him to church, and got into the next pew. He leaned over, and said, "My money; give me my money." Whereupon Lord Bath went to the end of the pew; but the man followed him, and cried, "Give me my money."

Strange to say, the sermon that day was on Avarice, and when the text was given out, Prov. 22, 16, "He that oppreseth the poor to increase his riches shall surely come to want," the man gave a loud groan and then pointed to Lord Bath, and in short persisted so much, and so drew the eyes of all the congregation, that Lord Bath went out and paid him directly!

Now you all know the use our Saviour made of a similiar story. "He spake a parable unto them to this end, *that men ought always to pray, and not to faint.*" Isaiah 62, 6. R.V.:—"Ye that are the Lord's remembrancers, take ye no rest, and give Him no rest."



## Couldn't Say "No."

*My son, if sinners entice thee,  
Consent thou not.—Prov. 1, 10.*

There was a little Mousie  
once

That never could say—  
"No."

If any one said, "Come  
with me,"

Miss Mouse was sure to  
go.

So, as she went with *any*  
*one,*

Why then, of course, you  
see

The Mousie was not always  
in

The best of company.

One day she met Miss  
Kittykin,

And Kitty said, "Wee  
wee!"

Which Mousie understood  
to mean

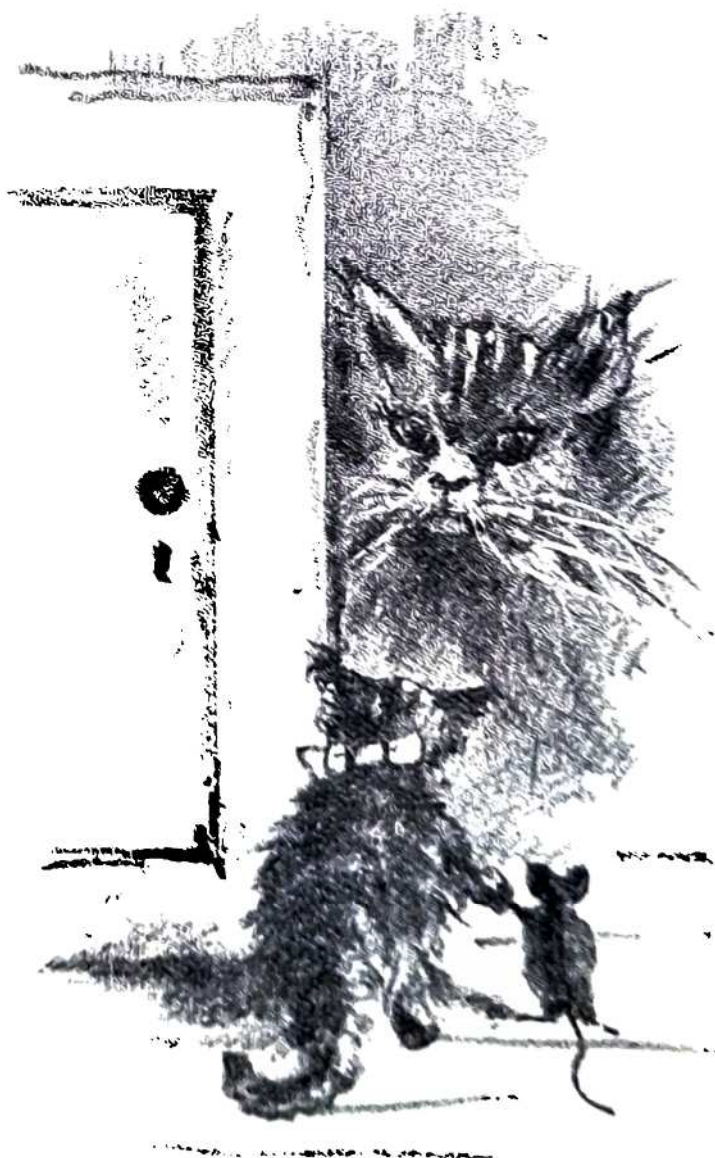
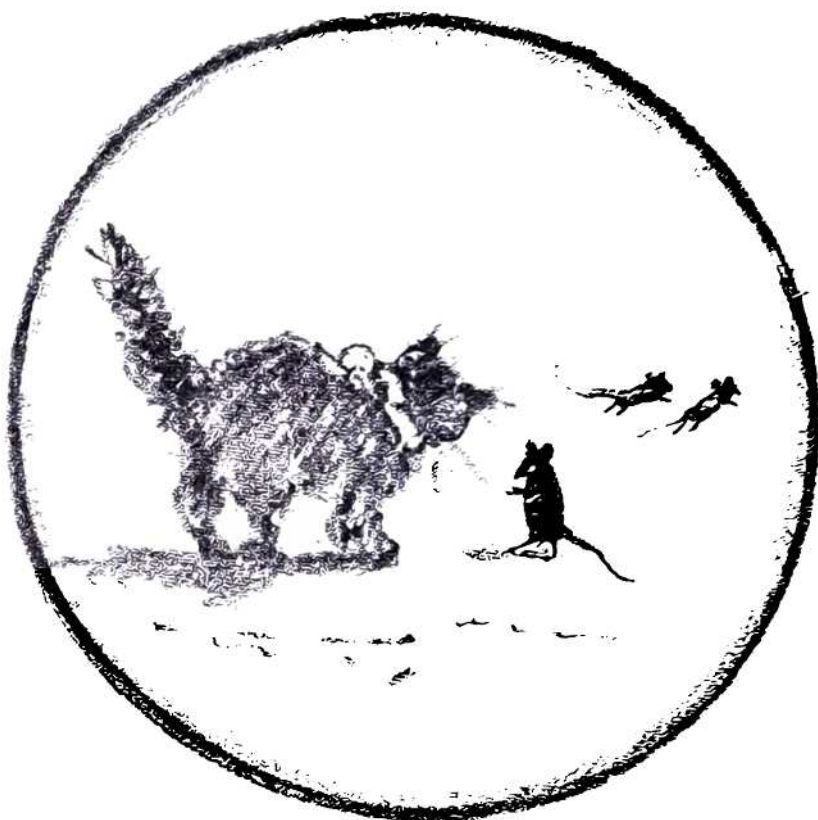
"Please come along with  
me."

She knew that folks gave  
Kitties milk,

And thought she might  
get some.

So when Miss Kitty said,  
"Wee wee!"

Miss Mousie said, "I'll  
come."



When they arrived at Kitty's house  
Late in the afternoon,  
"Come in, my dears," said Mrs. Puss,  
"I'll order supper soon."

What Madam Puss for supper had  
That night, nobody knew.  
I sometimes think that I can guess,  
Perhaps, dears, so can you.

But this I know, the little Mouse  
Did never more come back.  
And when I last saw Mistress Mouse  
Her dress was all of black!

—Rev. R. RIACH THOM.





## Where there's a Will, there's a Way.

*Ἰδετε πολλοῖς ὑμῶν γράμμασιν ἔγραψα.*

*Idete pelikois humin grammasin egrapsa.*

*See with-how-large to-you letters I-have-written.*

*I am not learned.—Is. 29, 12.  
The tongue of the dumb shall  
sing.—Is. 35, 6.*

There was a man once, of whom some of you may have read, whose nickname was Cree Queery. He was knife-and-scissors grinder for three counties in Scotland. On his journeys he used to take his mother Mysy with him. He would wheel his grindstone along the long high road, leaving her behind. He took the stone on a few hundred yards, then hiding it in a ditch or behind a paling, returned for her. Her he led, sometimes he almost carried her—himself a feeble man—to the place where the grindstone lay, and thus by double journeys kept her with him. When at last she was too weak to leave her house, he tried to teach her to write, and wrote out for her on a sheet a number of phrases, such as “Dear son Cree,” “Loving mother,” “I am takin’ my food weel,” “Yesterday,” “Blankets,” “The peats is near done,” “Mr. Dishart”—that was the minister’s name—“Come home, Cree.” This sheet he left with her when he set out on his travels, and she made up letters to him from it.

There are but 22 different words in these phrases, but some of them are amongst the best and mightiest words we have, and just as it is wonderful how far a clever woman can make 22 pennies or 22 farthings

go, so, no doubt, poor Mysy rang the changes well on these words and made delightful letters out of her little store. They say there are peasants in England whose whole vocabulary from the cradle to the grave consists of only 300 words. That is to say, they find 300 different words enough for all they wish to say in a lifetime. There are 6,000 *different* words in the 773,692 which the Bible contains; in Milton there are 8,000; in Shakespeare, 15,000. So some laborious scholars have found out.

A friend—I wonder how many different words he needs in a year, for he is a great Oriental scholar and habitually uses several European and Eastern tongues!—has sent me a most interesting letter, of which you have here a facsimile. It is made up of ten separate clippings all stuck on a piece of gummed paper. And the facts, he says, are these.

“An old lady of over 80 is the sender, not the writer, of the letter. She learned to read, but not to write. When she ‘writes’ letters she ‘composes’ them in this way. You will observe parts cut out of the letter that had been sent to her. One word is evidently from another letter, and then she picks two words from the newspapers. She has got the word ‘many’ all right (one likes to see her hunting for that one, for she could have done

Dear 'Helen

gott

parent all

right.

many

thanks

With love

Yours affec.

Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_

without it, but it was her heart that craved for it), and evidently picked 'gott' out of 'forgotten.' The heading 'Dear' (a new way for one's blessing to return on one's own head!) and the signature are from the beginning of the letter sent to her, and the 'Helen' was the signature to that letter.

Don't you feel that that is a brave, ingenious, persevering woman to whom you are glad to have been, in a fashion, introduced? No doubt she was very proud—and rightly so—of what she did, and one can almost fancy one hears her saying like Paul to the Galatians, ch. 6, v. 11, "See with how large letters I



have written unto you," though she could only have added the words "with mine own hand" in a sense not meant by him. Yet may we not say she is like great business men who get amanuenses to write their letters for them, though, whereas they use only one, she uses two, for the same letter and a typist besides!

Yes, where there's a will, there is always a way. Don't you remember how Zacchaeus, a very little man, when he could not see Jesus for the crowd, ran ahead and climbed a tree? and how the other daring men who could not get their sick

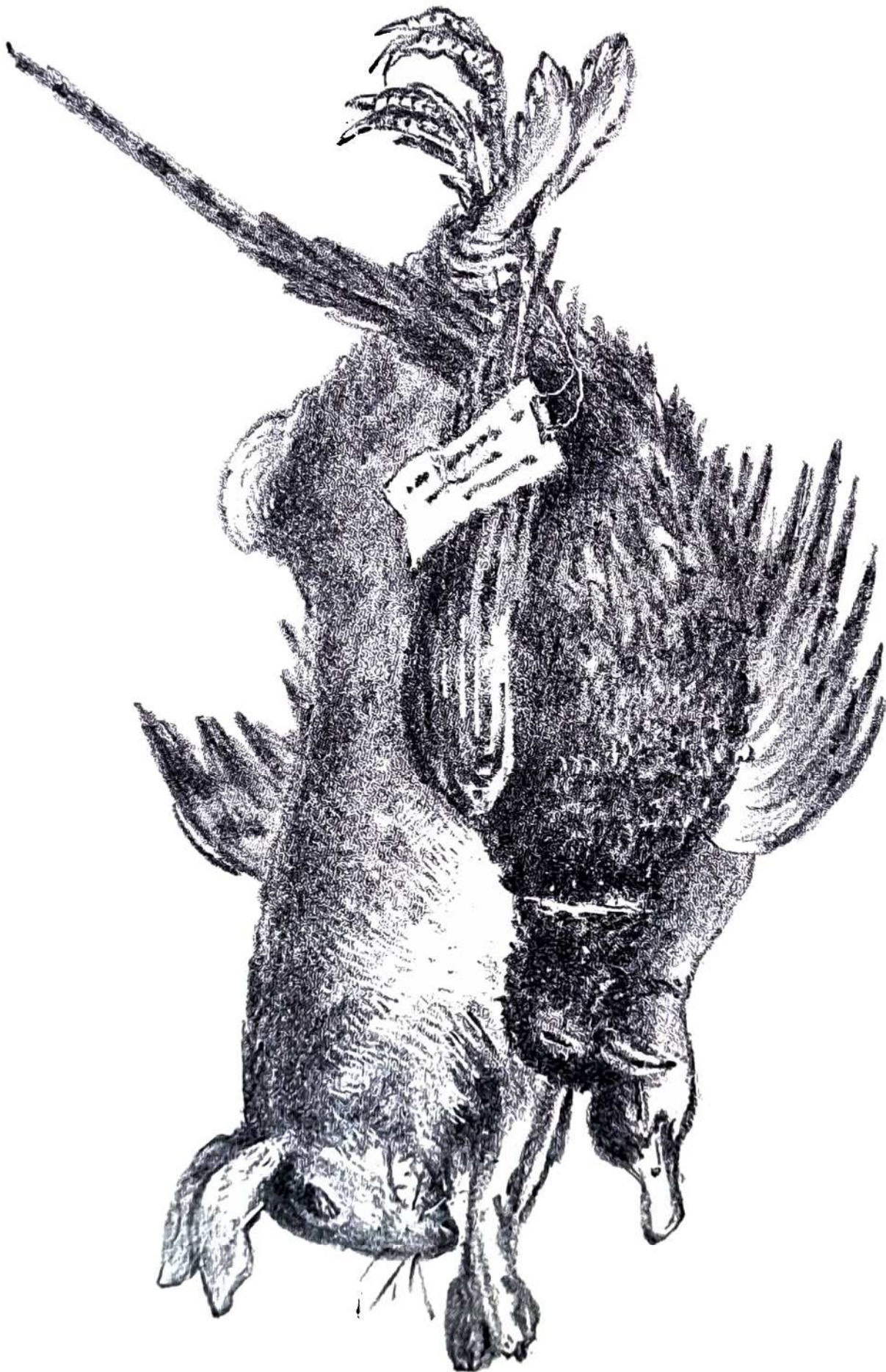
friend in at the door of the house where Jesus was, got on the roof and broke it open?

One wonders if there is any boy or girl so anxious to be a scholar and read Greek as to try to find out how many letters of the Greek Alphabet he can discover in the line at the head of this article. He will find out some things that will surprise him: that there are two kinds of s's, and two kinds of e's, and that one letter stands for ps, and that ' is equal to h! The boy or girl that does that is the first I would choose—for some things—if I were picking a side.

### Reasons for not going to Church. 14th Series.—No. 12.

*Mr. G. D. H. Ashlegh has left the church because in a list of contributions to Foreign Missions his name was spelt "Ashleigh," and if there is one thing a gentleman is particular about, it is the correct spelling of his name."*

*And when one of the deacons, who happens to have charge of the Railway Goods Delivery Van, reminded him that he had no scruple or hesitation the other day in accepting and signing for a present of game which was addressed "G. B. K. Ashley, Esq.," he replied that that was an entirely different matter; the two things were not at all parallel, as anyone that thought about it for one moment might see; and that it was a most offensive and unwarrantable insinuation, and that unless an apology was received within 48 hours he would report him to the Company. And reported he was, as the following letter shows: "Sir, Your favour of this date received. You will be interested to know that I am writing to Mr. — this afternoon, to say that he is to be no longer Vanman, and that he was appointed Foreman of the Passenger Goods Traffic Department at this Station yesterday. Yours truly, —, Agent."*





- 1 **S** Rise ; He calleth thee.—*Mark 10, 49.*  
 2 **M** Say not—To-morrow—when thou hast it by thee.—*Prov. 3, 28.*  
 3 **TU** If we tarry, punishment will overtake us.—*2 Kings 7, 9. R.V.*  
 4 **W** There is no work in the grave.—*Eccl. 9, 10.* "A Foreign Ambassador told the Grand Vizier (the Sultan's Prime Minister) that there were Three Enemies that would eventually destroy the Turkish Empire—"Bakalum," We shall see; "In-Shaa-Allah," If it please God; and "Yarun Sabah," To-morrow morning," all phrases for putting off.—*Grant Duff's Diary, 1881-1886.*  
 5 **TH** Haste thee. . . . But his wife turned back.—*Gen. 19, 22-26.*  
 6 **F** While they went away to buy, the Bridegroom came.—*Matt. 25, 10. R.V.*  
 7 **S** And they that were ready went in ; and the door was shut.
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- 8 **S** This Man continueth ever.—*Heb. 7, 24.*  
 9 **M** Continue in My word.—*John 8, 31.*  
 10 **TU** Continue ye in My love.—*John 15, 9.*  
 11 **W** Continue in the things which thou hast been assured of.—*2 Tim. 3, 14.*  
 12 **TH** Continue in supplication night and day.—*1 Tim. 5, 5.* "A pleasant word that *continue*; it implies so much."—*Horace Walpole's Letters.*  
 13 **F** Toward thee, goodness, if thou continue in His goodness.—*Rom. 11, 22.*  
 14 **S** Ye shall continue in the Son and in the Father,—*1 John 2, 24.*
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- 15 **S** Our iniquities testify against us.—*Jer. 14, 7.*  
 16 **M** Mine iniquities have overtaken me.—*Psa. 40, 12. R.V.*  
 17 **TU** Dead in trespasses and sins.—*Eph. 2, 1.*  
 18 **W** Jesus knew that he had been a long time in that case.—*John 5, 6.*  
 19 **TH** Many say, There is no help for him in God.—*Psa. 3, 1.*  
 20 **F** And the Lord saw that there was no man.—*Is. 59, 16.*  
 21 **S** And He helped me.—*Psa. 116, 6.*—"Oh!" said an African chief to me once, 'that thirty-eight-years-sick man said, I have no man, but Christ said, I am your Man.'—*Thinking Black, by Mr. Daniel Crawford, F.R.G.S.*
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- 22 **S** O God, Thou hast tried us, as silver is tried.—*Psa. 66, 10-20. R.V.*  
 23 **M** Thou layedst a sore burden upon our loins.  
 24 **TU** We went through fire and through water.  
 25 **W** But Thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place.  
 26 **TH** I will pay Thee my vows.  
 27 **F** I will declare what He hath done for my soul. "When the U.S.A. Battleship *Delaware* returned to Boston lately after a voyage of 26,000 miles, at an average speed of 13 knots, she was in such good trim that she was able to send to the Navy Department the message—*All well, and ready for anything.*" *The Battleship: by Walter Wood.*  
 28 **S** Blessed be God.
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- 29 **S** Remember all the way which the Lord thy God hath led thee.—*Deut. 8, 2.* "Let me remember, in order to praise; in order to confess; in order to learn; in order to expect."—*Dr. Smellie on "The Vintage of Memory": In The Secret Place.*  
 30 **M** My sin is ever before me.—*Psa. 51, 2.*  
 31 **TU** O REMEMBER HOW SHORT MY TIME IS.—*Psa. 89, 47. R.V.*